THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. X. NO 49. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1891. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

A PRELATE'S JUBILEE.

The Fiftieth Episcopal Anniversary of Archbishop Kenrick Celebrated With Enthusiasm in St. Louis.

An Imposing Ceremonial.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 28.—When day broke this morning the city was enshrouded in snow, and a strong, cold wind made the early mass goers wish their devotional exercises could have been carried on at home. But this did not deter the church goers from attending the regular services at the various parish churches where low mass was said by many of the visiting clergy.

By noon the sky had cleared and all indications of snow had disappeared, only the cool, bracing air of a Northern winter remaining.

There were many fresh arrivals this evening, both of prelates and laymen. Among the high dignitaries who made their appearance are the following: Archbishops Elder, Cincinnati; Feehan, of Chicago, and Corrigan, New York; Bishops Thomas Bonacum, Lincoln, Neb.; Francis Silas Chatard, Vincennes, Ind.; Henry Cosgrove, Davenport, Iowa; Edward Fitzgerald, Little Rock, Ark.; Thos. Heslin, Natchez, Miss.; John Joseph Kain, Wheeling, W. Va.; John J. Keane, Washington; Jas. MacGolrick, Duluth, Minn.; John Shanley, Fargo, N. D.; Bishop Moore, of St. Augustine, Fla.; Bishop Phelan, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Bishop McGovern, of Harrisburg, Pa; Bishop John Foley, of Detroit; Father MacDonald, Father McSweeney, of Oakland, Cal.; and Rev. Father Cronin, of Buffalo.

The following bishops will arrive in the morning: Maurice F. Burke, Cheyenne, Wyo.; Lewis M. Fink, of Davenport, Iowa; M A. Gallagher, of Galveston; Geo. W. McCloskey, of Louisville; Ambrose J. Watterson, of Columbus, Ohio; Peter Verdaquer, of Corpus Christi, Texas; J. Lancaster Spalding, of Peoria, Ill.; Richard Scannell, of Omaha, Neb.; Lawrence Scanlan, of Salt Lake, Utah; James Ryan, of Alton, Ill.; Henry Joseph Richter, of Grand Rapids; Joseph Rademacher, of Nashville, Tenn.; Jeremiah O'Sullivan, of Mobile, Ala.; Michael J. O'Farrell, of Trenton, N. J.; Martin Marty, Sioux City, Iowa; Cornelius Paul Maes, of Covington, Ky.; John James Hagen, of Kansas City, Mo.; John Janssen, of Belleville, Ill.

THE MITRED ABBOTS

that will be present are:

The Rt. Rev. Fintar Munnwiler, of St. Memrod's, Ind.; the Rt. Rev. Innocent Wolf, of Atchison, Kan.

Archbishop John Hennessey, of Dubuque, Ia.; and John Joseph Hennessy, of Wichita, Kan., will also attend. Dr. J. F. McLaughlin, of Philadelphia, president of the National Catholic Young Men's Union, will address young men at St. John's church tomorrow morning.

At 7 o'clock this evening a dinner and informal reception was tendered by Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Kerens to his eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Most. Rev. Archbishop Kenrick, Most. Rev. Archbishop Ryan, Archbishops Feehan, of Chicago; Corrigan, of New York; Williams, of Boston; Ireland, of St. Paul; Riordan of San Francisco; Salpointe, of Santa Fe; Bishops Chapelle, of Santa Fe; Fitzgerald, of Little Rock; Vicar General Brady, of St. Louis; Vicar General Muehlsipen, of St. Louis; Very Rev. Cannon O'Hanlan, of Dubuque; Very Rev. Dr. Butler, of Chicago, and Father Powers, of St. Louis.

The Kerens residence in Vandeventer place was beautifully decorated for the occasion. This was the only evening of

THE JUBILEE SEASON

when the cardinal and archbishops were free.

Cardinal Gibbons celebrated mass in the chapel of the Mullanphy Hospital this morning. He was escorted from Archbishop Kenrick's residence, on Lindell avenue, to the hospital by Father Flanigan, of the Holy Name church, who, assisted by Father Shields, chaplain of the hospital, an attache of St. Therese's church, served his mass.

After the mass those present repaired to the parlor of the hospital, and here occurred the most striking scene of the morning. Standing just within the open doorway of the parlor the figure of the cardinal, in picturesque robes of deep black and vivid red, looked like a framed picture stepped down from some ecclesiastical wall. Led by the mother superior, the sisters approached the cardinal and one by one kissed the ring on his finger. And then as the heads of the gathering Sisters of Charity were reverently bowed upon their robes, the slender prelate extended his hands and in a low voice pronounced a benediction upon them.

The cardinal was then driven back to Archbishop Kenrick's residence, where, beginning at 1 o'clock, he held a levee.

A TRAIN OF PRELATES AND ABBOTS.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 30.—Sweeping through the streets and into the modest old cathedral, with slow and solemn tread, came a train of archbishops and bishops, mitred abbots and priests, brown coated monks and laymen, who were to take part in the opening ceremonies of the golden jubilee of Archbishop Kenrick this morning. Fifty years ago today the venerable prelate of St. Louis was consecrated to the episcopacy. Few were there who could remember the arrival of the brilliant young clergyman early in the forties. Among the prelates and priests only a handful could remember the humble ceremonies which ushered Bishop Kenrick into the see of St. Louis. But today from every part of the archepiscopal diocese and from every state in the union, the faithful servants of the Catholic church have hurried to give their meed of honor to the prelate who has ruled the destinies of his people for so long a time.

The unimposing cathedral, where years ago the archbishop celebrated mass, was gay with bunting. Flags hung from the base of the spire to the cathedral entrance, where they rippled as if with joy over the heads of the church dignitaries.

PRELATES IN PROCESSION.

Dignitaries of all degrees assembled in the cathedral house, and as the church bells boomed the approaching hour of the pontifical high mass, the procession passed into the street. Directly after the cross bearer and acolytes came bearded Benedictine priests in cassock and surplice. Franciscans, robed in brown, with sandaled feet and cowls like huge, inverted harebells, followed, their mild, ascetic faces contrasting with the rough cords girdled about their waists and their hermit like attire. Following them came the superiors of religious orders and the monsignors. Fifty bishops, clad in purple, passed reverently into the church, and after them came the dignified archbishops. Among them, and beneath a golden canopy, was Cardinal Gibbons, his red robe appearing like a poppy in a field of purple flowers.

Walking slowly, came the venerable Archbishop Kenrick, his pale face lit up with a smile of pleasure and his blue eyes kindled with light as he gazed on his loving people. Very frail he looked as he passed from the cold and chill air into the porch of the cathedral, but there was something in his upright carriage and firm bearing which told of the irrepressible energy of the man within.

SCENE IN THE CATHEDRAL

The archbishops and bishops knelt within the sanctuary, the priests sitting behind in a semi-circle. Many of the latter could find no room in the church, for only 700 could sit down, and fully 2,000 had been squeezed into the circumscribed space. The congregation stood four deep in the aisles and every seat was packed. Outside the cold wind swept ceaselessly around the church. Inside all was brilliant and light. Yellow streamers, the archbishop's color, were intertwined around the American flag, and Latin mottoes appeared on the pillars. Above the altar steps glittering jets formed the words "Gloria in Excelsis Deo," and above the tabernacle a flickering cross of light shone like that burning meteoric display in the southern sky.

Archbishop Kenrick was led to the golden throne on the right of the altar. Cardinal Gibbons sat beneath a scarlet canopy on the left. While the prelates in purple chanted, the officers of the mass robed the archbishop and cardinal. Cardinal Gibbons was the celebrant, the archbishop being only an assistant. From the aisles the altar looked like a picture from fairyland as the officiating prelates, clothed in rich red vestments, glittering with gold and silver, took their places at the foot of the steps. It was the feast of St. Andrew, the martyr, and the church ordered red vestments to typify the blood shed by the saint for the glorification of the Catholic faith.

All was silent for a moment. Mass had begun. Only the murmur of the cardinal and his assistants could be heard as they uttered the opening prayers of the ceremony. But from the choir of fifty voices arose the sweet entreaty, "Lord, have mercy on us," of Gounod. Then from the throats of the Franciscans came the Gregorgian chant during the introit, graduate, offertory and post communion, under the direction of Rev. P. Fiori bertus.

IN GOD'S HANDS.

There Sister Caroline, the Marchioness of Queensbury, Says the Cause of Ireland Must Rest.

[To the Editor.]

THE COTTAGE, MAXWELLTOWN, DUMFRIES, Scotland, Nov. 20.—Fiona MacCumhall in his meditations by the grave of the late leader of Irishmen, uses these words, "No great Irishman's work ever produces fruit," etc., etc. Might I ask why? May I be allowed to reply? The martyrs of Manchester preached the answer in their last words on earth—"God Save Ireland."

No one but God is "great." There is no such thing as a "great" man; God alone is great; and no man can be "great," excepting as dwelt in by Him. So long, sir, as "great" men go forward in *their* greatness, it is only flesh, which is dust and death; no matter how strong or clever or glorious. "All flesh is as grass, and the glory of man as the flower of the field; the wind passeth over it and it is gone, and the place thereof knoweth it no more." God *alone* can *save* or free Ireland; and until she is saved, she will not be freed—no, not if all the "great" men of the world should attempt it—it will come to naught—yea, "wither as the green herb." We are now on the anniversary of the morn when those three men spoke those three inspired words. For twenty years or more, but especially for the last ten, a poor despised one has reminded you all in your "greatness" and "glory" that only the Most High God—*our Father*—can save the Land, and therefore free her.

Two or three men with the power of God our Father in them, can and will save Ireland; and no one else. Then she will be freed; for He will give a leader then to Ireland, and He will free His own land. Let the "great" worms of the earth go on without Him; when all is despair, they will look to Him, and then Ireland is saved.

SISTER CAROLINE.

Prevention is Better

Than cure, and those who are subject to rheumatism can prevent attacks by keeping the blood pure and free from the acid which causes the disease. For this purpose Hood's Sarsaparilla is used with great success.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

Sacred Science in the Eternal City—The Pope and the Cardinals.

Something About the Temporal Power—His Holiness in St. Peter's—Cardinal Lavigerie.

SACRED SCIENCE.

It is known that St. Thomas Aquinas excelled in all the branches of theology, and that he was no less remarkably learned in the mystic than in the scholastic. The Rev. P. Valgorners made a collection of the different fragments which are found scattered throughout the works of "The Angel of the School," and published his work at Barcelona in 1663, one volume, folio, under the title of "The Mystic Theology of St. Thomas." Although badly printed and most awkwardly retouched after the death of the author, the work was much appreciated, and I saw a copy sold in Rome for 100 francs. The Rev. Pere Berthier, the learned rector of the Fribourg University, has just published a new edition of the "Mystica Theologia Divæ Thomæ," in two volumes. This edition will be of great service to sacred science, not that it is by any means easy reading, for the compilation is full of confusion and obscurity; but because the united fragments contain precious jewels of mystical doctrine which would be found with difficulty in the voluminous folios of St. Thomas Aquinas.

MUCH ADO ABOUT PEACE AND WAR.

A great deal of importance was given to the International Congress of Rome. The Italians (like a child who laughs for fear of being obliged to cry) announced the reunion in favor of peace with general consent and a grand flourish of trumpets. A great number of deputies from different countries met in Rome. Personally, every one was most courteous and amiable and thoroughly enjoyed himself. But national interests and doctrine very quickly collided, and it is easy to see that nothing can be more Utopian than an International Peace Association. There is no basis for common understanding; consequently no rule can be laid down for peace or war except the individual opinion of each nation.

THE POPE AND THE CARDINALS.

Leo XIII is the 262 d pope. The *doyen* of the cardinals is the octogenarian, Cardinal Mertel, who has been a member of the Sacred College for thirty three years. During his thirteen years pontificate, Leo XIII has created one patriarchate; 23 metropolitan churches, 65 bishoprics, 43 apostolic vicariates, 1 delegation, and 16 other episcopal dioceses; in all 148 new titles. The Sacred College when complete contains 70 cardinals: it actually counts 60 members, 30 of whom are Italians. Of those cardinals created by Pope Pius IX only 13 are now living. Eight are octogenarian, 19 septuagenarian, 22 sexagenarian, 10 are 50 years of age, and only three are somewhat less that the last named.

THE TEMPORAL POWER.

A deputation of Germens has presented an address to the Holy Father. It is signed by the members of the Catholic congress of Darmstadt, and contain a declaration in favor of the re-establishment of the temporal power. This document belongs to the collection of verbal processes of the Catholic congress, and is bound in a gilt covered volume. The deputation was received in special audience by Leo XIII.

THE FUTURE CONCLAVE.

The future conclave is always the all absorbing and unsolved problem. It is now a nephew of Cardinal Nina who has published a volume treating of the election of a pople. Among other well known ancient documents Signor Georgio Berthelet, divulges the apostolic papers which Pius IX signed some time before his death, and which prove the solicitude of that great pontiff for the liberty of the future conclave. These papers were no doubt found by Signor Berthelet among his cardinal uncle's papers.

THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

Yet another announcement is that Minister Rudina did not sign the Triple Alliance until he had succeeded in persuading Austria and Germany to sign a clause relating to the future conclave. As I informed your readers some time ago, this rumor was spread when the alliance was concluded. Prussia was then the published—it is now from an Austrian source that the story is repeated. No smoke without a fire, it is said.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE.

The grand cardinal is happily yet once again out of danger, for the present at least. Any illness, and especially a serious one, of Cardinal Lavigerie, is always a source of great anxiety in the church, wherein this great prelate occupies such an eminent position. This time the alarm was both sudden and serious, the cardinal being seized with a kind of rheumatic paralysis. Cardinal Lavigerie is subject to these attacks, and when surprised by one his first act is to telegraph for the Holy Father's benediction, after which he receives the last sacraments and prepares for death. Up to the present his robust constitution has triumphed, although, if I mistake not, this is the fifth time that his Eminence has received extreme unction. The telegram sent to the Holy Father was most touching. Cardinal Lavigerie protested that his whole life has been consecrated to the services of the Holy See. I once heard this distinguished churchman say to his Pere Blanca: "We should always be devoted to the pope: not to the pontiff of yesterday or tomorrow, but to the reigning sovereign pontiff of today." It is no secret that Leo XIII is very much attached to Cardinal Lavigerie. When informed of his recent alarming illness the Holy Father immediately went to his private chapel and prayed for hours before the blessed sacrament for his faithful friend and servitor.

LEO XIII IN ST PETER'S.

On Sunday evening last at 7:30 o'clock the sovereign pontiff descended from his apartments into St. Peter's. He was accompanied by the Swiss and Noble Guards as well as some members of the pontifical court. Mgrs. Mazzolini recited the Rosary, the Litany of the Saints, and some special prayers to the apostles for intercession before the throne of God. The venerable successor of St. Peter remained kneeling in prayer for over two hours. Leo XIII likes to visit St. Peter's *sans ceremonie*. He is obliged to observe so much papal court etiquette in the Vatican palace, that he seems relieved when in the great basilica, where all etiquette is laid aside, and where, in the presence of the blessed sacrament all mankind are equal.

THE POPE'S HEALTH.

Upon the faith of certain correspondents, badly informed as to what passes in the Vatican, several newspapers have announced that the Holy Father is seriously ill owing to the sudden and trying change in the temperature during the past week. From the most reliable source we can inform our readers that Leo XIII is enjoying excellent health, and that for five days at least his physician, Dr. Cecca relli, has not visited his august patient. Still more, his Holiness has not interrupted his usual weekly audience. Evidently the death of the present pope would be a satisfaction to certain parties. But Leo XIII is not likely to die to gratify them. He will, please God, occupy the papal throne for many years more.

MARRIAGE IN THE ALDOBRANDINI FAMILY

The marriage of Donna Olympia Aldobrandini, second eldest daughter of the late Don Pietro Aldobrandini, Prince of Sarsina, and Donna Francesco de la Rochfoucauld, with Count Nicola di Revertera, of the ducal line of Salandra, son of the Austrian ambassador to the Holy See, was celebrated in Frascati in the Villa Belvidere by Mgr. Lenti on Thursday last. The young couple will pass a few days at Porto d'Anzio and will then start for Vienna, and later on for Constantinople, where the count has been appointed attaché to the Austrian and Hungarian embassy.

ECCLESIASTICAL BREVITIES.

The Very Rev. T. G. Bannin, of Hatton garden, London, is daily expected in Rome.

Father Whitmee is also daily expected to arrive from South America, after an absence of four months.

The Rev. P. Anderledy, superior general of the Jesuits, has arrived in Rome.

The famous Istel May trials, announced in my last letter, have been suspended owing to the violence and disorderly conduct of the accused and their lawyers.

During the last week the Holy Father received in private audience the Right Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, bishop of Limerick; and Father Andrea Fruhrvivth, general of the Order of Friars Preachers.—*Liverpool Catholic Times*

Local Catholic News.

It has been resolved by a sub committee appointed for the purpose to hold an International Catholic Congress in Chicago during the World's Fair.

The Rev. Michael Bonfield, of St. Bridget's, has returned to the city after a short trip to the east.

The new church of St. Cecilia, Atlantic and Bristol streets, will be solemnly dedicated Sunday, Dec. 20. Rev. E. Kelly, the pastor, has been most energetic in his efforts to have the good work completed.

The Holy Family church bazaar closed last Wednesday evening. Its success has been phenomenal, thanks chiefly to the unwearying activity of the Rev. Father Kelly.

The annual collection for the benefit of the poor of the parish will take place at the masses in the Holy Family (Jesuit) church on Sunday, Dec. 6. The Rev. Father Fitzgerald will preach the charity sermon at the high mass on that day. The members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society will at any time gladly accept and call for clothing and provisions for the poor under their charge. "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

The feast of St. Andrew the Apostle occurred last Monday, and was observed as a day of special devotion in the church.

Last Friday being the first Friday of the month, was a day of special devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. In the Holy Family church on West Twelfth street the blessed sacrament was exposed for adoration all day, and in the evening at 7:30 there were benediction and other special devotions.

The Rev. Father John Kelly preached at high mass last Sunday in the Holy Family church.

The feast of St. Cecilia, patron of music, was celebrated last Sunday week in the Church of Notre Dame. At the solemn high mass the choir gave Gounod's Messe Solemnelle, with orchestra. The members of the choir were treated to a splendid banquet after the service.

The Rev. J. Luttrell has been appointed curate of St. Lawrence's church.

The second course of lectures under the auspices of the Union Catholic Library Association will be given by the popular lecturer, Miss Mary M. Meline. The first lecture was delivered last Friday evening at the library rooms, No. 94 Dearborn street. Subject: "English Guilds of the Middle Ages."

A grand inaugural concert on the opening of the new grand organ of St. Michael's church took place in the church last Tuesday evening, beginning at 7:30 o'clock. The entire programme was under the charge of Mr. F. Hugo Edelman.

KEEP IT OPEN.

That is Eleanor Kirk's Advice in Regard to the Coming World's Fair Exposition.

Ladies as Bicyclists—Some Reforms in Their Dress Suggested—Other Matters of Interest.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 30.—The request has been made—and it seems perfectly right and proper—that the writers of this country shall express themselves in reference to keeping the World's Fair open on Sundays. From the first I stated my views, and while able, I think, to appreciate the affirmative and the negative side of every question, there does not appear to be any very satisfactory argument for the negative side of this one. To begin with, the spirit which broods this occasion ought to be, and is supposed to be, a very broad and liberal one. This Exposition, from which so many results are confidently predicated, is pre-eminently for the better education of all classes and conditions of men, women and children. This cannot be the case if on the one holiday of working people the Fair doors are closed. Such an arrangement will, to my mind, be very un-Fair. It certainly will defeat the object of its projectors, promoters and well wishers. If there can be any better way of spending a Sunday than by the orderly examination and study of the great, wonderful and historic things that Chicago will have to show us, I confess I am ignorant of it. I have talked with clergymen of all denominations, with laymen and editors, and while a very few of the ministers are on the fence in the matter, because of the exceeding narrowness and strictness of their creeds, I cannot point to but one man who is openly arrayed against this higher education of the working man and woman, and his name is Col. Elliot F. Shepard, of the *Mail and Express*. Col. Shepard may have the courage of his convictions, but the premises by which he reaches his convictions are not only illogical but very feeble. Personally I shall have no comfort or faith in the Exposition if its doors are closed on Sunday. It will simply fall into the line of other monopolies which the rich control, and which shut out those who have produced their wealth. So let us all work, talk and write for common sense and common decency in this most vital matter.

A gentleman from Atlanta wishes to know if I can direct him to a lady who is thoroughly qualified to draw up a constitution and by-laws for a society about to be formed in that city. Another letter arrived by the same mail from a lady who desires lessons in parliamentary law.

There are doubtless many women who can fill the above bills, but I know of but one at present, Mrs. Eliza Archard Conner, of the American Press Association. Whether she could find time for such work I do not know, but she has just prepared some by laws for the Woman's Press Club which are the most admirable and comprehensive things of the kind I have ever heard read. My correspondents can confer with Mrs. Conner on these subjects. I suppose that the lady who desires lessons has studied Cushing's Manual. If not, I would recommend her to get the book.

"Westerner" does not understand why there should be bargains in cloaks and wraps so early in the season. The reason is that most women have provided themselves with their winter apparel, and there still remains in all our stores a large stock to dispose of. Miss Anderson, the successful shopper of 451 Gates avenue, Brooklyn, tells of a bargain she secured at one of our leading stores, of a long and wonderfully stylish plush cloak, most elaborately made, which was marked down from one hundred and fifty dollars to seventy five. Of course seventy five dollar outside garments are beyond the reach of many even well to do people, but this was an exceptional case, and consequently worthy of note. From this time until Christmas these bargains in every description of outside raiment will continue, not only in the large cities but in small towns where ready made clothing for women can be found. As these cloaks and wraps will doubtless be quite as fashionable next winter as this, it seems the part of economy to be on the lookout.

If there is a more ungraceful sight than the usual female bicyclist with her flopping petticoats, it must be the doubled up young man who in his hurry to get there does all the work with his head. Some ladies have adopted Turkish trousers for this sport, and these garments are a great improvement in every way upon the petticoat. Two ladies from Park avenue, New York, very stylish and distinguished members of society, have appeared lately on their bicycles in Central Park clad in equestrienne trousers. Critical observers declared that they looked very comfortable and very pretty, and that there was no suggestion of immodesty about their attire. The fact is, if women are determined to enjoy the rational sports of men they must adopt the costume as well as the vehicle. Turkish trowsers are certainly an improvement upon the awkward, flying, unmanagable skirt, but even these are not very pretty. Why should a woman have a lot of puckers and gathers and folds from her knees to her ankles? She exercises in trousers in our gymnasiums in company with men, and why such a hue and cry about modesty when our beaches all over the civilized world are crowded with women whose legs are simply covered with stockings? Is it not "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel?"

And now a word to men bicyclists. Do learn to ride with your head up and your shoulders back. Begin in this way if you wish to get the full benefit of this admirable exercise. I know of several young men who were ordered onto wheels by their physicians, and who have been ordered off by the same authority, on account of failing health caused by the stooping position they have assumed for the sake of speed. Now you cannot get there any faster by having your head a foot in advance of your body. I take it back, you *can* get there very fast indeed. A year or two of the work will furnish you with a through ticket.

The exceptionally mild and pleasant fall has had the effect of keeping many people in New York and Brooklyn who have previously set sail for the Sunny South before this. But now the exodus is commencing in earnest. The Clyde line of steamers, so long and so favorably known to many of my readers, as the line where comfort, good will, courtesy and care taking prevail, and where the most capable and conscientious officers are to be found, will doubtless run full after this, and those who desire good rooms will do well to be alert. The Clyde folks may well be proud of their steamers and their record—

For though the stormy winds do blow,
These staunch vessels come and go
Rarely late and never slow.

Like Silas Wegg I have "dropped into poetry," but it came that way, and I am not to blame.

ELEANOR KIRK

HONORED IN COLORADO.

[To the Editor.]

ROCKVALE, Colo., Nov. 24.—For the first time the 23 d of November, the anniversary of the Manchester martyrdom, was celebrated in this quiet little town. That sad event was commemorated here in a manner that reflects much credit on the intelligent and manly spirit shown by the Irish Benevolent Association, whose efforts brought about the observance of the day. The spirit of cosmopolitanism which governed it made the affair highly enjoyable and successful beyond our expectations. The programme for our meeting consisted of songs, speeches, recitations, etc., Welsh, English and Americans, with equal enthusiasm with the Irish, participating in the work of the evening. The mayor, A. A. McDonald, M.D., presided.

Mr. John D. Phillips, a Welshman, read the opening address—an original essay prepared for the occasion—in which he rendered a true sketch of the history of Fenianism in both hemispheres, with a true and comprehensive delineation of the causes which led to the martyrdom of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, then followed with a philosophical argument in which he fully justified the chronic and hereditary hostility of the Irish people towards the "deadly incubus (the British government) which seeks to stifle the native aspirations of the people." This address was received with long and loud acclamations of approval.

This was followed with a recitation of extracts from Emmet's vindication speech. In this recitation, another Welshman, David Llewellyn, endeared himself to the hearts of the faithful. His rendering was exceedingly well, and brought down the house.

After a song by Edward Mulvaney, a Hiberno-Englishman, and another by T. Gavin, the orator of the evening, Mr. F. R. McAliney of Pueblo, Col., was introduced and, considering the disadvantages under which he was laboring, acquitted himself very well indeed. The gentleman had but few hours' notice in which to prepare for the occasion. Mr. C. B. Egan, a resident here, who had been engaged to deliver the oration, being away on business, had been taken sick, in the mountains of Montana, and was unable to return. The Hon. Judge Kerr of Pueblo, had, a few days prior to the anniversary, been engaged, but at "the eleventh hour" he was also taken sick, and Mr. McAliney was appealed to and responded in a manner that characterized him as a scholar and gentleman of the first water. His speech consisted of a review of the general history of the "hated connection" between England and Ireland. He made a strong point by portraying the cruel efforts of the British government looking to the destruction of the individuality of the Irish as a nation by destroying their language and literature. He delivered a very eloquent and acceptable eulogium upon the late Charles Stewart Parnell.

After another song by Mrs. Huke, an English lady, and the reading of resolutions of respect to the memory of Mr. Parnell, by J. D. Phillips, and some remarks thereon by the venerable Judge C. E. Berry and others, the meeting adjourned, with all present happy and proud of the occasion which gave them much joy and displayed so much genuine good feeling.

ROBERT DALY.

Deafness Can't be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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THE BRITISH LIBRARY

GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BATTLE OF BALLINAMUCK.

Having recovered from the swoon in which he had found refuge from his torture, and re donned his boots—a work of much pain and difficulty, owing to his wounded feet—Barrett mounted the horse of one of the slain Foxhunters, and accompanied Teeling, O'Dowda, Lisette, and a party of the chasseurs to the village of Cloone, where the French main body had halted.

There was no fear of immediate pursuit; Gen. Lake, on hearing of Crawford's repulse by the French rearguard, had halted three miles south of Drumshambo, and their recent sharp lesson showed the Hessians and Foxhunters the advisability of exercising greater caution in future.

At Cloone another council was held. The yellow light of the tallow candles burning upon the rough deal table around which the leaders assembled, in a room of the local tavern, fell upon a circle of anxious faces, many of them drawn and haggard with fatigue and lack of sleep—Humbert and Adjutant Gen. Fontaine Teeling and Tone, Sullivan and Riche, O'Dowda and Barrett, Counsellor McDonnell and Colonel Blake, and Father Gannon.

"Probably the last muster, James, of the heads of the Franco-Irish army of 1798," remarked the latter in an undertone, quietly helping himself to a pinch of snuff, and tendering the box to the counsellor, whom he addressed.

"I fear it looks like it, Father Michael; the enemy's nets are almost drawn around us now," responded McDonnell. "However, there is just a chance that Cornwallis may now arrive in time to head us off, in which case Blake and myself may yet have the pleasure of bearing back the news of victory to Towerhill and Carnacon."

But Col. Blake, a fine looking man of noble physique, acknowledged the remark only with a sad smile, as of one who entertained a presentiment of approaching doom.

Humbert, who sat at the head of the board, was listening attentively to the interpreted statements of some peasant insurgents—recruits, even at this desperate hour, to the now sadly thinned "army of liberation." Foremost of those were a sturdy Leitrim man, Tom O'Cahan, and his lieutenant, Terry McGlawin, recently joined with a small body of mounted men, who were equipped as irregular cavalry.

"Twenty-three thousand bold United Men organized in the county Monaghan alone, and only waited the signal for rising," ran the statement of Tom; "maybe the same number in Cavan; Longford is up in arms; and forty thousand good men of Westmeath are waiting to join you at the Crooked Wood, near Mullingar, within forty two miles of Dublin."

"*A Dublin dit-il?*" Humbert's eye brightened with sudden interest. It was his darling, daredevil scheme to march upon the Irish capital, if only to succumb in its streets, if at all, to the superior forces of the English.

"Come, my friends," he heartily exclaimed, "this is the best news yet. One bold attempt and we shall cut our way to the gate of Dublin Castle and raise enough men to tear your Irish bastile stone from stone!"

But now some dispiriting tidings were adduced. A stalwart man with a blood-stained cloth bound round his head stepped forward and described how, two days previously—or on the very day of the fight at Collooney—the Longford insurgents, under an ex-yeomen lieutenant named Alexander Denniston, had been repulsed at Granard, after some hours valiant fighting, by the Cavan, Ballyhaise, and local yeomanry corps, the insurgents having to mourn the loss of Pat Farrell of Ballinree, who was considered the biggest and bravest man in the county Longford.

"Next day," continued the wounded and jaded bearer of this news of ill omen, "we marched into Westmeath, where the boys were gathered at Wilson's Hospital, six miles from Mullingar. The redcoats under Lord Longford, who ran away at Castlebar, came out to meet us, and, not a bit afeared, we went to meet him at Bunbrusna. Their cannon, bad luck to it, gave them the best of it, for many a good man fell into the shower of grape shot when we charged. When at last we were forced to retreat the bloody yeos surrounded some barns, where many of our men lay, and set the places on fire, burning the poor fellows to cinders and shooting and stabbing whoever tried to escape. I've traveled all night and all day, general, to beg you to come and give us a chance of revinge on the cowardly villains."

Naturally the receipt of this news increased the general opinion that the march should be pushed onward with the least possible delay. This feeling was further intensified by the information brought in by the indefatigable scout, Val Jordan, who now entered. His attire—again the ordinary garb of a farmer, he having doffed his military disguise—was grey with dust; his perspiring countenance shone in the candlelight.

"At last!" he ejaculated, excitedly, "the main body of the English."

"Explain yourself, Val," said McDonnell.

"Cornwallis is threatening our flank and front. At 10 o'clock tonight he left Carrick on Shannon with one of the biggest armies ever seen on Irish soil, and is now marching on Mohill three miles from here, to head us off from the south while Lake has broken up his camp and is advancing against us from the north. At daybreak we shall very likely find ourselves placed between two fires by a force more than ten times our number."

McDonnell and Father Gannon exchanged significant glances and shook their heads at this speedy corroboration of their late surmise.

"At this rate," said Gen. Humbert, rising, there is not a moment to lose. But we are at the point of death from exhaustion, and cannot do impossibilities. To your couches for a couple of hours, my children, and then we shall show those lezy English generals what we can accomplish."

The council dispersed, some of its members to court an hour or two of troubled repose, others of them, like Patrick Barrett and the Baron O'Dowda, to await in uneasy insomnia, the dawning of the day which was to them so fraught with peril and destiny.

The pair mentioned, wrapped in their cloaks, sat smoking outside the door of one of the houses in which the weary troops found billet. The chief idea present to their minds was that a few miles away, subtle and deadly in the darkness of night, the close toils of a fierce and merciless foe were being drawn around them, that away there on the gloomy horizon the faint moonlight glimmered on a widespread circle of steel, where the vast hostile army lay like a huge serpent extending its folds around its destined victim.

"My poor children! poor Temperance!" murmured O'Dowda, unconscious of a listener—albeit a keenly sympathetic one, whose bosom was sad with similar thoughts of home and kindred—"poor impulsive Temperance! I fear she will have bitter cause to believe I was right, after all."

Hour after hour went by, and at length the first faint streaks of dawn shot along the eastern horizon—the dawn of that memorable Saturday, the 8th of September, 1798.

Humbert now issued forth from his lodging. On noticing the brightening sky he uttered a sudden exclamation of surprise and anger. It is said that on retiring to rest he gave his guard instructions to awaken him at the expiration of *two* hours, instead of which, through mistake, they allowed him to sleep *four*.

Another circumstance had tended to retard the march. A local Protestant named West, in whose house the French commander of ordnance stayed during the halt, had induced that officer to place the cannon and caissons for security in the Protestant churchyard of Cloone. And now, when the trumpet summoned the French artillerymen to their posts, and they came with their horses to remove the guns, it was found that the chains of both cannon and caissons had disappeared!

It afterwards transpired that the artillery officer's host, West, had induced his servant, Keegan (some accounts give the fellow's name as Neary) to enter into the churchyard during the night and steal the chains, which it is said are still preserved at Cloone.

An effort was made to improvise traces, but this was only partly successful, rope after rope breaking in the attempts to move the field pieces and ammunition waggons, so that in fine, rather than it should fall into the hands of the English, it was found necessary to throw a large quantity of ammunition into the neighboring lough; and this was accomplished when the enemy came in sight.

Barrett, ever on the alert, was one of the first to discover Lake's advance guard, which was all on horseback, the spectator noticing with surprise that nearly every horse bore a double burthen, the light company of the Monaghan militia—a notoriously Orange corps, which had distinguished itself in slaughtering the Presbyterian patriots of Down—being mounted behind Hessians, Carbineers, and other cavalry, for the purpose of expediting the infantry advance.

The pursuers displayed remarkable modesty and shyness, keeping well out of range of the French muskets. It was only when the French and insurgents had crossed the dividing line of Leitrim and Longford, or Connacht and Leinster, and reached Ballinamuck, about four Irish miles South of Cloone, that they were obliged to face about upon their opponents, and stand at bay.

The enemy, in strong numbers, now appeared before them to the north, rapidly pressing forward; the enemy, in still more powerful and overwhelming numbers, lay to their rear, scouts bringing in the alarming news that four miles distant to the south, at St. Johnstown or Ballinalee, Cornwallis was posted with the English main army to intercept their further progress in that direction. In a word, front and rear, they were hemmed in—a petty host of about two thousand—by an army of thirty thousand men!

"Just as we expected; and yonder is the cenotaph of the army of liberation," said M'Donnell as the houses of Ballinamuck appeared in sight.

A lonely, bleak looking little place it is, that Longford village, in the midst of bare hills and barren moors. Queer its ancient Irish nomenclature, too, "the mouth of the ford of the pig," the animal referred to being a certain enormous black pig, much celebrated in Milesian legendary lore, who in the course of some porcine freak or enterprise ploughed and rooted her way hither all the way from the palace of the Red Branch Knights at Armagh, until, at the ford of Lough Gowna, due east of Ballinamuck, a man who was predestined to destroy her, ended her career with a blow of a stone. The trench which the huge snout of the magic porker delved between Ballinamuck and Lough Gowna, known as the "Dunchiadh," or fortified ditch, afterwards served as the boundary between the ancient territories of Breffoy of the O'Rourkes and Annally of the O'Farrells.

But small thought or heed for fantastic memories of black pig and magical trenching had the French and Irish, as marching through the street of the humble village they heard the volleys which announced that the rear guard was engaged, and saw spreading before them the bleak, elevated plains of moor and bog upon which they expected to distinguish at any moment the advanced videttes of Cornwallis.

Humbert now gave the command to wheel to the left, and while the enemy kept the rear guard occupied in front a line of battle was formed. The base of the position was a hill to the left of the road leading southward to Drumlish. On this hill the remaining cannon were planted, and from this point the Franco-Irish force extended its short flanks towards a bog on its left, a bog and lake on its right, and the thin blue line taking advantage of the moory ground in order to prevent the hostile cavalry from acting.

Brought to bay at last! A sadly impressive spectacle that of this devoted little host, charged with the fate of Ireland and the deliverance of a trampled and persecuted people, as it lay drawn out in what seemed—in face of the monster armies which surrounded it—mere mimic order of battle. A pathetic sight this last desperate stand for the independence of Ireland and the honor of the French arms, as the morning sun tipped with fire the slender array of bayonets and pikes, and the morning breezes waved the flags of tricolor and green, the insurgent banners still displaying, as if now in mournful irony and grim defiance, the motto Erin go Bragh!

From the distance came a rolling of drums, a braying of trumpets, as debouching into view came scarlet column after column, fringed with gleaming steel. No notice was taken of a summons to surrender, sent by Col. Crawford, and about 7 o'clock a heavy musketry fire was opened as the advanced French division of 200 men under Gen. Sarazin was attacked by flank companies of the Dublin, Armagh, Monaghan, Tipperary, and Kerry militia—the effort being at once made on the British side to overwhelm by sheer weight of numbers all attempt at resistance.

Immediately afterwards came the heavy roll of wheels, fast followed by the booming of cannon. An English battery came clattering to the front, unlimbered on a hill fronting Humbert's position, on the opposite side of the road, and opened fire on the French and insurgent line. The white smoke of the discharges rolled down into the intervening valley, and under cover of this sulphurous canopy, despite the lurid flashes and hurtling missiles, a corps of pikemen dashed valorously forward to capture the guns. Their wild cheers scared the English artillerymen, and these, by order of Gen. Lake, who dreaded a repetition of what had occurred at Castlebar, suddenly ceased firing, "limbered up," and retreated to a more distant eminence.

"The butcher general has learned caution, we see," remarked Teeling, as first success was scored for the weak battalions; "but we shall hear the bay of his big pack of bloodhounds presently."

"Pardie! my Irish friends, I sympathize with you from my heart," said a French officer sincerely, addressing a group of the Irish leaders; "we French, if defeated—as I fear is inevitable—have the prospect of an honorable surrender and humane treatment as prisoners of war, while for you—well, in face of the fearful odds against us our general shall have no course but that of unconditional surrender."

"We know our position, monsieur," replied Barrett proudly, with set teeth and flashing eyes; "in our country's cause we have staked our lives and lost, and the enemy of our homes and altars is now welcome to take them, whether by bayonet, bullet, or rope it matters not."

"*Brave bon diable!*" murmured the Gaul with a sigh of regret, "it is a pity that at this moment you are an Irishman."

"Hullo! what means this?" fiercely cried McDonnell, and a murmur of surprise and anger ran along the ranks, as Gen. Sarazin, with his hat held aloft on the point of his sabre as a signal of surrender, was seen galloping along the line of his division, which immediately grounded its arms.

Humbert, white with anger, glared towards the captured detachment.

"Treason!" he exclaimed; "but I will show them that I am the commander in chief."

A few minutes later and the main Franco Irish line was furiously attacked from flank to flank, the chief assailants being a battalion of regular troops—the Third Light Infantry—and part of the Armagh militia under Lieut Col. Innes; while the British cavalry—Hessians, Carbineers, Foxhunters, Twenty-third Light Dragoons, Roxburgh Fencibles, and others—poured along the road and shot away on either flank to cut off the escape of fugitives.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Help but Don't Coerce.

To help nature in its efforts to throw off the trammels of disease is, of course, the legitimate method of medication. This method is, unfortunately, too often diverged from and help perverted into coercion. Drastic, excessive purging is undoubtedly the most frequent form of coercion of this sort. The bowels are forced, literally wrenched into action. Of course this is accompanied with much griping pain, and succeeded by exhaustion, which leaves the organs of evacuation in a state incompatible with subsequent regularity and activity. The last state of that man or woman who uses drastic cathartics for constipation is decidedly worse than the first. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the finest laxative in existence, since it produces the needful but no abnormal action, is progressive, not abrupt in operation, and strengthens instead of weakening the organs upon which it acts. Use it for malarial, kidney, rheumatic and dyspeptic ailments.

On the morning of Nov. 3 a man named Michael Berry, from Tullamore, died in the county infirmary at Kilkenny from hydrophobia. It appears that deceased was sentenced at Tullamore on the 10th ult. to one month's imprisonment in Kilkenny jail for an assault upon a policeman. Before he committed the assault, however, he was bitten in Tullamore by a terrier, which exhibited no symptoms of rabies, but which was immediately destroyed. The unfortunate man was suddenly taken ill in jail, and on the examination of the doctor he was removed to the county infirmary. In the evening he got worse, and in spite of the efforts of Dr. James he died in great agony, three policemen having had to remain at his bedside all night.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

GAELIC POETRY.

Magaidh Laidir.

(Seághan O'Neachtain ro chan.)

[Air Leansmhainn.]

Gach neach nach n-óifadh, claoidh 'gus brón air,
S'áinte chóip na h-Eireann!
Mile grain air, sgian 'nna gharradh,
Plan a's plágha Egipt!
'S gach neach nach n-iarfadh an aise chéadhna,
Go raibh na piasda ag créim air!
A's é air misge ó chaol uisge,
A n-dólás broide a's peiste!

Muc, im, bulcán, sógh gach soláir,
Olg-fhir iomlána Gaedhalach,
Feusta fíre chlanna Mile.
A's feusta chroidhe na féile;
Fleadh do sháruigh, fleadh na n-ársaidh,
As uile dháimh na n-Déithe:
Fleadh na n-uasal, 'sa mol-chualachd,
Feusta buan Mhiléadus.

Déanam gáirdeas, cosa 'n áirde,
Dar n-Dómhnach, tálm-se air meisge!
Damhas Máimhneach, fá g-cuairt thrid linn!
So an t-aoibhneas cliste;
Feuch-sí Una a's Brighid súgach,
Mór a g-cló 'san ringce!
Fearghail, Dunlaing, Neachtain clóiteach
Go raibh a sugradh cinte!

A Dhiarmaid gluais, 's a Thaidhg air lua's!
So an suaireas soibhinn;—
A Chathail mhóir, a Dhómhnaill óig,
So spórt a's pléidh, dar m' fhírinn.
Caitríona ann, go bríoghmhar, teann,
Mór, a's Meádhbh, a's Béibhionn;
Tá Rós ag ringceadh, coip 'nna timcheall;
Oill! óill! is compáin chléibh so!

A Aenguis chroidhe, a Mhághnuis bhuidhe,
'S a Mháible bhinn, 's a Shile,
Le ceol a m-beul, cur ceoldh air cheud,
Gan bhrón no éad a n-daoine:
Seinn dhúinn steangean, piob a's tiompán,
So an chómh-ghair ghleorach!
Súd ort a chairdeas! Dia gach lá leat,
Dar fiagh is breágh an spórt so!

So ort a Chéin, is binn do bheul,
Tá an bulcán breágh, bríoghmhar,
Do'n bhalbh bheir géim, do'n bhacach léim,—
Anam cléibh, is bruighin so!
Leag an stróinse! síos fá'n m-bórd leis!
Bhus so aa fóghmhar sloghbhraigh;
Is me-sí féin mac líre Uí Néill,
Bhá for Eire ag ríoghadu.

Mac Cárrthaigh mór, O'Briain na slógh,
Mo ghael gan cheoldh, na tréu-fhir,
Mac Aenguis úir Maguidhir na rann,
O innis chlóiteach Eirne;
O'Ceallaigh cléibh, O'Conchúbh air treun,
A's slíocht Bhrandubh an ruaidh-shléibhe,
O Dúin an fear, O'Mórdha mear,
Mo ghael air fad na déigh-fhir.

H. F. DELNO & Co.,
Columbus, Ohio. July 3, 1891.

GENTLEMEN:—My plating machine received, everything in perfect order and works perfectly. I unpacked it and commenced at once and plated seven breast-pins and a ring in a short time. I am delighted with the work. People are bringing all the forks, spoons, watches, jewelry, etc., that I can plate. Enclosed find $5 for one plater for my cousin. More orders soon. A. KRIVER.

Write above firm for circulars.

"At last, I can eat a good square meal without its distressing me!" was the grateful exclamation of one whose appetite had been restored by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, after years of dyspeptic misery. A teaspoon of extract before each meal sharpens the appetite.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

400 Miles as the Crow Flies

Is the distance covered in a single night by the Limited Express trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway between Chicago and the Twin Cities of the Northwest—St. Paul and Minneapolis. These trains are vestibuled, electric lighted and steam heated, with the finest Dining and Sleeping Car Service in the world. The Electric reading light in each berth is the successful novelty of this progressive age, and is highly appreciated by all regular patrons of this line. We wish others to know its merits as the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the only line in the west enjoying the exclusive use of this patent. For further information apply to nearest coupon ticket agent, or address F. A. MILLER, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 209 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

On the evening of Nov. 1 a man named Edward Leslie broke his leg at his residence, No. 8 Lower George street, Kingstown, under very peculiar circumstances. It would appear that Mr. Leslie was sitting in a chair, which gave way under him, and when lifted up it was found that his right leg was broken above the ankle. He was at once removed to St. Michael's hospital.

Map of the United States.

A large, handsome map of the United States, mounted, and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of twelve cents in postage by P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

Playing Cards.

You can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards by sending fifteen cents in postage to P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS AROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street New York.

PREPARING FOR WAR.

Bomething That Causes Suspicion at Washington.

CHILI'S PROFESSED INTENTION.

The United States Authorities Do Not Take Stock in the Chilian President's Statement That the Army and Navy Will Be Cut Down—Representatives of the New Government Studying War Tactics in Germany.

NEW YORK Dec. 1.—A special dispatch from Washington says American government officials look with suspicion upon the professed intention of the new government of Chili to materially reduce its land and sea forces. President Montt's statement that the army and navy would be cut down numerically is taken here with a grain of salt. This is due to the advices from naval officers in Chili, coupled with information from Europe. How and from whom this knowledge has come to our authorities is not advisable to state. There is a great deal of inconsistency between what the Chilians say they intend to do and what according to our naval authorities they are doing.

Studying War Tactics in Germany.

Representatives of the new Chilian government are now in Germany making a special study of the latest war equipments and tactics in the German army. There is also talk in Chili of making war service compulsory, as it is in the fatherland. Chilian officers have been sent to other countries in Europe to study and procure certain modern small arms. Word has been received here that a special agent has been sent to France to hurry the completion of the Captain Pratt, the largest and most effective battleship in Chili's ship list. There have been signs of activity in the repairing of the crippled forces of the naval and military establishments. No one will say that all this warlike preparation bodes ill to the United States, but it does cast doubts in the minds of the naval officials on President Montt's statement that he proposes to reduce his force to the minimum.

The Work Still Continues.

So little is the confidence in the statement that there has been no cessation in the preparations of our own war vessels for sea. The work begun on them at the time the demand for reparation was made is still being continued. The concession on the part of Chili in the manner of conducting the investigation of the Baltimore affair has not been taken as an intimation as to what the final reply of the Chilian government will be. As that matter remains in doubt and the Chilian government continues to prepare for war, this government will hardly be justified in stopping its preparations because it is presumed that our vessels will not be called upon to back up the original demand in case it is refused.

The Killing of Riggins.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—A special to The World from Valparaiso says: The judge of crimes has appointed a commission to inquire into the cause of Riggins' death. The commission will also undertake to ascertain whether the bullet hole in Johnson's neckerchief was caused by a rifle ball or by a bullet from a revolver. If it was made by a rifle ball, then Riggins was killed by the police; otherwise by a member of the mob.

TERRIBLE DISASTER IN MEXICO.

Twelve Killed and Nine Wounded by a Grand Stand Crash.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Nov. 27.—J. R. Coleman, an American engaged in business at Guanajuato, Mexico, arrived here yesterday and brings particulars of an accident which took place in that city last Sunday, resulting in the killing of twelve people and the serious injury of nine others. Several hundred people had assembled in a bull fighting arena to witness a fight between two goats, when a part of the amphitheatre gave way. The heavy timbers fell on the motley crowd, crushing men and women beneath their weight.

Hanged an Obnoxious Corporal.

LONDON, Nov 27.—There is a good deal of excitement at the headquarters of the Horse guards here over the story of a serious act of insubordination among the men of the Second battalion of the Prince of Wales regiment, the Royal grenadiers, now stationed at Aldershot. It seems that the corporal of that battalion had made himself very obnoxious to his men by numerous petty tyrannies which exasperated the latter beyond endurance. As the corporal was going his rounds a few nights ago a number of soldiers seized him and dragged him to a secluded spot, put a rope around his neck, and hanged him. His body was discovered and cut down before death occurred.

He Continues To Be Detained.

BOSTON, Dec. 1.—The secretary of the Peoples' United Legion, S. Glenson, of New York, left this city on Nov. 9 with $18,000 of the funds of the order, ostensibly to deposit the money in the Fourteenth Street National bank, New York. On the 13th a letter was received from him saying that he was detained by business connected with the Maturity Loan association, another order he was organising. Nothing has since been heard of him.

Verdict of Not Guilty.

MARSHALL, Ills., Dec. 1.—The jury in the manslaughter case of William Adkins of Casey, who killed James Street, an old veteran, in whose house he rented rooms, returned a verdict of not guilty late Saturday night. The deed was done a few months ago. Street came home intoxicated and began abusing Adkins and his wife, finally striking the latter. Adkins dealt the old man a blow which resulted in death.

Terrible Murder in Texas.

SAN ANTONIO, Dec. 1.—William Knodle, a wealthy farmer who lives near Seguin, hired two Mexicans some days ago as woodchoppers. They were paid Saturday and Sunday morning one of them was found dead in the camp. He had been hacked with an ax and placed in the fire to burn. His companion has disappeared.

Thirty-five Motor Cars Burned.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Dec. 1.—The car sheds of the Union Street Railway company were burned early yesterday, together with thirty-five electric motor cars. The loss is $70,000.

WAR ON OUR PORK.

German Officials Claim to Have Discovered the Presence of Trichina.

BERLIN, Dec. 1.—A number of deputies representing country districts have entered a formal complaint before the budget committee in regard to American pork. They claim that the trichina has recently been frequently found in American pork and they ask that steps be immediately taken to prohibit the importation of American pork. Dr. Von Boetticher, the minister of the interior, replying to these complaining deputies, said that the importation of American pork in the future would be prohibited unless thoroughly inspected in the United States.

May Prohibit the Importation.

Dr. Von Boetticher added that if after this inspection trichina were found in American pork the government would be forced to entirely prohibit its importation into Germany. The deputies appeared to be satisfied with this statement and there seems reason to believe that if the Germans who are hurt by American competition in pork succeed in making out a clear case against the importers of that article of food, that rigorous measures will once more be taken against the United States hog

COLLAPSE OF A BRIDGE.

Three Men Killed and Three Others Fatally Injured.

HELENA, Mont., Dec. 1.—The west span of the Great Northern bridge over the North fork of the Columbia river, six miles from Columbia Falls, fell, carrying with it nine men, three of whom are dead. Three of those who escaped death are thought to be fatally wounded. The dead are: Hugh Bromley, John Pooley and Patrick Lane. The three who will probably die are Leonard Heninger, Neil Stuart, Martin Whalen. Peter McAnnally is also wounded so that recovery is improbable.

Fell Eighty-Four Feet.

Four immense guy rods fell from the top and struck a support of the false work, causing it to give way. All of the framing work was nearly completed and only the last span was to be bolted. The span was sixty feet long, and the men fell in an awful crash of timber and iron, a distance of eighty-four feet, two of them being pinned under several feet of water. The accident will delay the advance of the extension of the Great Northern about two weeks.

FIXED IT WITH THE CASHIER.

The San Francisco Call Robbed of About $50,000.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 1.—The trial of John White, late business manager of the San Francisco Call, for embezzlement brought out some astonishing disclosures. White confessed that he had stolen $50,000, most of which was sunk in horse-racing and speculation. He had an arrangement with the cashier by which both took from the money drawer what they wanted and then arranged the cash to fit the deficit. White was a high roller and squandered $10,000 in a few weeks on the races. He sunk $7,000 trying to float a patent medicine and lost $10,000 in a land deal near Death valley. The cash was not balanced in the office for six years, and the proprietor knew nothing of what was going on. It was only through an employe that he learned of the wholesale robbery.

THE WASHINGTON LAND-SLIDE.

Twenty Men Said To Be Still Buried Beneath the Earth.

TACOMA, Dec 1.—The story that twenty men were left buried out of sight, but alive, under the earth and mud of the land-slide at Canton Station last Wednesday by the Northern Pacific company's bosses, is confirmed and considered true. Officials of the company indignantly denied the story Monday night but Tuesday a special correspondent sent to the mountains wires confirmation of it. It is said that no effort is being made to recover the bodies. Eye-witnesses have been discovered who say the sight was bloodcurdling and the cruelty of it past understanding.

Caused a Loss of $500,000.

CHICAGO, Dec. 1.—Two electric wires came in contact in the dynamo room of the Chicago Arc Light and Power company on Washington street, just west of Market street, early Monday evening. In an instant there was a flash followed by a loud sputtering noise, and almost before the men at work in the room could escape it was in flames. With wonderful rapidity the fire spread throughout the building, and in less than two hours it was completely gutted, and much valuable machinery ruined. A portion of the city was left in darkness. The loss is $500,000

Queen Victoria Visits the Sick.

LONDON, Dec. 1.—The queen Tuesday paid a visit to her nephew, Prince Victor Ferdinand of Hohenlohe, who is suffering from a cancer similar to the one which caused the death of the late Emperor Frederick of Germany. Prince Victor, who was born Nov. 11, 1833, is a retired admiral in the royal navy and governor of Windsor Castle. His mother is the queen's half-sister, the Duchess of Kent and his father Prince Leiningen. The queen also visited Prince George of Wales who continues to improve.

Suicide Caused by Losses.

BERLIN, Dec. 1.—There was another sensational suicide and failure Monday added to the long list of troubles growing out of the bankruptcy of Friedlander & Sommerfeld. In this case it is Herr Paarmann Cohn, proprietor of a whole sale watch-making establishment, who has committed suicide. Herr Cohn shot and killed himself with a revolver, leaving a statement to the effect that his death was caused by the heavy losses he had suffered through the failure of Friedlander & Sommerfeld.

The Ohio Society at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Dec 1.—The second annual banquet of the Ohio society was held at the Grand Pacific Monday evening with Governor James E Campbell of Ohio as the guest of honor. Judge Leroy D. Thomas presided and among the 300 guests present were many distinguished Ohioans. After an elaborate menu had been discussed a number of toasts were proposed, among them being the "Governors of Ohio," which was eloquently responded to by Governor Campbell.

Glass Works Destroyed.

BELLAIRE, O., Dec. 1.—The Union Window Glass works, the largest of its kind in this section, were destroyed by fire. Loss about $100,000. Three of the employes were caught while at work in the upper floor and perished in the flames.

TRAIN ROBBERS AGAIN.

Neat Job on the St. Louis and San Francisco Road.

FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS TAKEN

Passenger Train No. 3 Stopped by Masked Bandits at the Limits of St. Louis, the Door of the Express Car Blown Open with Dynamite and the Safe Robbed of Its Contents—Colorado Bandits in a Tight Place.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 1.—One of the most daring train robberies that have occurred for years was perpetrated on the St. Louis and San Francisco road, almost within the limits of St. Louis, Monday night. When passenger train No. 3 on that road left the depot Monday night at 8:25 o'clock it was just twenty-five minutes late. The limits of the city had been passed and the engine was just preparing to make up for lost time, when there men, who had boarded the train at Old Orchard, climbed over the water tank and coal and covered the fireman and engineer with revolvers. The engineer was ordered to stop the train near Glendale, and as an additional inducement to him to obey orders three men who were in ambush at that point opened fire on the train with rifles.

Dynamite Brought Into Use.

When the train had been brought to a standstill the engineer and fireman were ordered down from the cab, and after detailing two of the band to keep guard over them the other four men started back for the express car, in which was the safe of the Adams Express company, containing about $15,000. Messenger Mulrenen, who was in charge of the car, had observed the slacking up of the train and had opened the door of the car to see what the matter was. Suspecting that something was wrong and becoming suspicious of the men he saw advancing toward him he hurriedly closed and secured the door just as the men reached it. The robbers first tried to induce him to open it, and failing tried to pry it open, but the stout door foiled all their efforts, and after spending about ten minutes in this work they put a charge of dynamite under the door and blew it open.

Took to the Woods.

As soon as the door was broken the four men leaped in. Messenger Mulrenen made a brave resistance, but the robbers turned on him and after beating him into a condition of passivity with the butts of their revolvers began operations on the safe. This did not long resist their attacks, and after rifling it of its contents the guard was called off the engineer and firemen and the sextette of desperadoes took to the woods. The men were all masked and had evidently planned their work well, as each one seemed to know exactly what to do, and but few words were spoken during the entire operation. During the time the train was stopped at Glendale some of the trainmen and passengers attempted to come to the assistance of the engineer and messenger, but the guard placed over the former covered each side of the train with their rifles and warned them back on pain of death.

Detectives at the Scene.

The robbery took place at almost the same spot where the famous Frothingham held up and robbed a Frisco train on the night of Oct. 17, 1886. From the character of the robbery and its well planned execution it is believed the wreck is that of professionals and that they are the same parties who held up a train near the suburbs of Omaha about a month ago. The express company at once set to work a force of detectives who left on a special train for the scene of the robbery. They reached Glendale shortly after midnight and with the aid of lanterns made a careful examination of the surroundings. They found a lot of cartridges and sticks of giant power scattered on the ground, but nothing in the shape of envelopes or packages. The frozen nature of the earth would not permit the shoes of the robbers to make any impression clear enough for measurements.

Held Up a Station Agent.

DENVER, Dec. 1.—A special to The Republican from Albuquerque, N. M., says: T. A. Brady, station agent on the Atlantic and Pacific railway at Wingate, Ari., was held up and robbed by two masked men at 7:30 o'clock Monday night. A passenger train had just left when the two men came into the depot and, presenting revolvers, demanded all the money and valuables on the place. They were accommodated with about $1,000 in cash belonging to the Wells-Fargo Express company and the agent's gold watch. They then mounted horses and fled. They are being pursued by a company of cavalry from Fort Wingate and will probably be captured.

Got a Verdict Against Her Dad.

BOSTON, Dec. 1.—Mrs. Carrie Holmes recovered a heavy verdict against her father, Henry Smith, in the superior court a few days ago. Mr. Smith was vice president of the Smith American Organ and Piano company. Monday Charles D. Holmes, Smith's son-in-law, brought suit against the Organ and Piano company for $1,820 for services in 1889 and 1890 as manager of the company's New York branch house.

A Glenwood, Ia., cooper made 3,180 apple barrels in twenty-nine days at 7 cents apiece, earning $200.

About twenty oil and freight cars were demolished in a collision between two west bound freight trains on the Northwestern road near Geneva, Ills.

Mary Schultze of Pierre, S. D., has been sentenced to pay a fine of $10 for sending a letter through the mails in a newspaper wrapper.

Jennie Field, aged 16 years, was found in bed at her home in Peoria, Ills., with a bullet hole through her heart. It is not known who fired the shot.

It is alleged that unless special sessions of the Kansas and the Missouri legislatures are called to redistrict the states, each one will lose a presidential elector.

Trichina were found in a hog at Mt. Pleasant, Ia.

John A. Marsh of Mankato, Minn., has failed. Liabilities $65,000

The British ship Royalist recently visited the South Sea islands where outrages had been committed on Europeans. The marines destroyed the village of the guilty natives, and in doing so killed several of them.

Methods will be adopted to prevent small-pox patients entering the United States from Canada.

RETIRED TO PRIVATE LIFE.

Fonseca Through with Politics—Demand for His Impeachment.

VALPARAISO, Nov. 27.—Advices from Rio Janeiro state that Fonseca, besides abdicating the dictatorship, has renounced his title of commander-in-chief and retired to private life. The papers are, however, demanding the impeachment of Fonseca, and also of his ministers, on the ground that they are responsible for the moneys spent during the short-lived dictatorship. The governors of all the states have proclaimed in favor of the new president, Peixotto.

Discontent in Rio Grande do Sul.

It is rumored that the federal capital will be removed from Rio Janeiro to Nicthenoy. General Ossorio, who commanded the insurgent army in Rio Grande do Sul, made a demand on the upper Uruguay squadron that it give in its adhesion. This demand met with refusal, and the squadron has gone to anchor in Argentine waters. A dispatch from the state of Rio Grande do Sul reports that there is discontent there at the state having only one minister in the new cabinet. It has also been learned here that the troops at San Pedro continue under arms, and that no order for them to disband has been issued.

Some More Trouble in Brasil.

RIO JANEIRO, Nov. 30.—The Piexotte government has made a demand on Rio Grande do Sul for the reinstatement of the local government as it existed before the outbreak against Fonseca. The Rio Grande junta has refused to obey this demand, and threatens to offer forcible resistance to any attempt to compel obedience. Owing to the rivalry of the officers of the army and navy for influence in political affairs the jealousy between the two branches of the public service is becoming acute.

TAKEN TO BLOOMINGDALE.

The Son of Cyrus W. Field Placed in a Lunatic Asylum.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—The World Monday morning says that Edward M. Field was taken to Bloomingdale asylum on Saturday last. The World in a long article charges that Mr. Field has not taken railroad bonds, placed with him as collateral, but misappropriated large sums of money. He also, The World alleges, raised loans on worthless securities. His liabilities arising from the peculiar conduct of his business, which is such as to give rise to intimations of defalcation and forgery, amount to millions.

Will Not Make the Sacrifice.

A conference of the Field family was held to decide whether Cyrus W. Field should sacrifice the remnants of his once great fortune to save the honor of the family. The desperate situation was fully discussed and it was finally decided that, in view of the fact that even if Cyrus W. Field should sacrifice his entire fortune, he would not be able to meet the liabilities of his son, he should not, therefore, make the sacrifice. It is reported that a warrant is out for the younger Field's arrest.

WILL NOT GIVE UP.

Three Million Dollars' Worth of Gas Stock Misappropriated.

NEW YORK, Nov 30.—The board of directors of the Standard Gas company met Friday in secret session to consider the case of the former president of the company, Wallace C. Andrews, who is charged with having misappropriated $3,000,000 worth of the common stock of the company. The negotiations are still progressing, looking for a settlement of the matter outside of the courts, the directors being willing to accept $2,000,000, but Mr. Andrews has refused thus far to give up. If the case is brought to court—and a majority of the directors are of the opinion that it will be—there promises to be revealed a choice lot of scandal concerning Andrews' relations to certain assemblymen who facilitated his efforts to secure the passage of an act authorizing the Standard Gas company to lay its mains

MARCHING ON PEKIN.

Latest News of the Uprising in the Flowery Kingdom.

LONDON, Nov. 30.—A dispatch to The Times from Shanghai says that the rebels have captured Chao-Yang, and this message further confirms the news cabled exclusively to the United Press to the effect that the rebels are marching on Pekin. The rebels are receiving reinforcements every day and now form a wild and dangerous army of desperate men.

Another Berlin Bank Failure.

BERLIN, Nov 27.—Berlin was startled Thursday by the announcement of the failure of another financial institution. This time it is the Berlin Banking and Exchange company that has been unable to meet its obligations. The police have taken possession of and closed the head office here. The firm has a number of branch offices, and these too have been closed by the police. Herr Loewy, the head of the collapsed concern, has been arrested. An examination will immediately be made into the affairs of the firm. It is stated that when the police took possession of the office here and the branch offices no cash whatever was found.

Love Feast at Minneapolis.

MINNEAPOLIS, Nov. 30.—The massmeeting of citizens of Minneapolis Friday night to do proud honor to the victorious delegates who brought the Republican convention home with them was a monster affair participated in by both "Minnie and Paul." Colonel King opened the meeting on behalf of Minneapolis, after which Mayor Winston declared that he would willingly go to work for St. Paul when she tried for the Democratic convention, and 5,000 enthusiastic men gave instant approval to this sentiment again and again. It was a veritable love feast.

Cigarette Girls in a Panic.

NEW YORK, Nov. 27.—Goodwin's cigarette factory at Grand and Cherry streets was damaged to the extent of $40,000 by fire Friday morning. The 300 girls in the factory became panic stricken and were with difficulty restrained from jumping out of the windows. As it was, some of them leaped from the windows of the first story after rushing down the stairs and finding egress from the building slow on account of the crowding of the doors, but no one was hurt.

An Old Rag of Treason.

NEW YORK, Nov. 27.—At a dinner of the Army of the Potomac, General Palmer, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, again denounced the use of the Confederate flag and denominated it an old rag of treason

1891	December.					1891
Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fri.	Sat.
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

CONDENSED NEWS.

Interesting Items Culled from the Collection of a Week.

The visible supply of wheat Saturday, as reported by the New York Produce exchange, was 41,014,514 bushels, an increase of 2,168,001 bushels, and of corn, 1,950,080 bushels, an increase of 144,443 bushels.

At St. Mary's, O., Mrs. Charles Heffelfinger while temporarily insane threw a cup of hot lye in her husband's face, then fractured his skull with a hatchet, and cut her throat with a razor. Both will die.

Suits have been begun at St. Louis against sixty corporations for non-compliance with the anti-trust law.

The total earnings of the Michigan railways from Jan. 1 to Sept. 1, 1891, were $60,124,439, an increase over 1890 of $709,127.

Mrs. Mary McVey, 70 years old, of Braddock, Pa., has lived 114 days with no food other than buttermilk.

The supreme court of California has rendered a decision declaring that the law appropriating $300,000 for the state's exhibit at the World's fair is valid.

The Union Pacific has offered a reward of $1,000 for the arrest of the miscreant who removed a rail and caused the wreck of the fast Denver passenger train at Julesburg, Colo.

Mark Currier of Independence, Colo., was so badly frozen that he is likely to die.

John Harper of New York was arrested at Wabash, Ind., charged with stealing a suit of clothes.

Fire at Belle Plaine, Ia., did $40,000 damage.

Lottie Temple, a trotter owned by O. P. Alford of Lexington, Ky., and valued at $2,500, was shot by an unknown person.

Near Shelton, Wash., James Leisure and one Baptiste, brakemen on a logging train, were killed by striking their heads against a tree which had fallen over the track on the banks of a cut.

* * *

J. Cohn, shoe dealer at Hollidaysburg, Hazleton, Houtzdale and other Pennsylvania towns, has failed, with liabilities of $80,000 and assets of $20,000.

At Boston Miss Mary Pratt, whose wealth is estimated at $15,000,000, was married to Mr. Charles F. Sprague.

The amount of 4½ per cent. bonds redeemed yesterday was $40,000 making the total redeemed to date $21,779,650, and leaving outstanding $3,725,050

At Ashland, Pa., Patrick Joyce was clubbed by toughs and placed on a railroad track, where one of his arms was cut off by a train.

A. Fernbach fell over a railing at the top of a stairway at Waterloo, Ia., Wednesday, breaking his neck and fracturing his skull.

Hill, Fountaine & Co., of Memphis, Tenn., report that the cotton picking season has been the most favorable for twenty years.

Gross earnings of the Pennsylvania railroad line east of Pittsburg for the month of October show an increase of $215,259; lines west of Pittsburg show an increase of $302,439.

It is reported that the column of fire issuing from the crater of the volcano of Colima, Mexico, can be seen for 100 miles at sea.

The water famine at Brooklyn has ended.

A sanitarium for the purpose of curing drunkards by the use of bichloride of gold will soon be started at Northville, Mich., a suburb of Detroit.

Abel Baldwin, of Hoopestown, Ill., at Fowler, Ind., was acquitted of the charge of murdering George Thorn.

Robert J. Walker, a nephew of James G. Blaine, fell from the window of a hospital at Tacoma, Wash., and was killed.

* * *

A mail train on the Moscow-Caucasus railway was stopped at a point near Vladi-Kavkas by robbbers, who killed the engineer and guard, secured 250,000 rubles and escaped.

It is claimed that Baltimore has not known a bank failure in fifty seven years.

It is said that it cost the Englishman who bought ten buffalo from "Buffalo Jones," of Kansas, a good $25,000 to purchase and get them across the Atlantic. They were bred in Manitoba.

The national convention of the American Sabbath Union will be held in the Central Presbyterian church at Des Moines Dec. 16 and 17. A number of distinguished speakers will be present.

A circular has been issued to the governors of the various provinces of Russia notifying them to forbid Jews to buy corn.

John Ryan, king of the counterfeiters, who with four others was caught red handed by the Manchester, England, police, were found to have 538 half crown pieces, with dies and other paraphernalia of the trade in their possession.

To win a wager with a lady Sir Edwin Arnold climbed 13,000 feet to the top of Fuji San, in Japan, and wrote on the edge of its crater a poem of ninety-two lines.

Of the three Indiana governors who have died in office two, Governors Williams and Hovey, died in November, one on the 20th and the other on the 23d. Morton and Hendricks also died in November, 1st and 26th respectively.

E. C. D. Skortridge, president of the North Dakota state Farmers' Alliance, claims to be reliably informed that at least 25 per cent. of the wheat crop in that state remains unthreshed. Now that winter has set in it will have to wait till spring.

The city council of Red Cloud, Mich., has struck an economical fit and cut off several street lights, and has also dispensed with the services of a city marshal.

* * *

Near Spencer, Wis., G. Phillips secured nearly 200 pounds of honey from two bee trees. One of the trees furnished 130 pounds and the other twenty. This is probably the largest amount ever found in a tree in that section.

E. Shafenberg of Botna, Shelby county, Ia., recovered a team and wagon at St Joseph, which his brother had stolen five weeks ago, and which he had driven from his brother's farm, accompanied by Mattie Kortum, with whom he had eloped, and who he afterward married, abandoning the team where the owner discovered it.

The wife of a Buena Vista county (Ia.) farmer attempted suicide by jumping into a well. The water was so cold, however, that she cried lustily for help, which fortunately came in time. She has since been taken to an asylum.

Hundreds of acres of Hancock county (Ia.) lands have been bought by eastern parties this fall who will break them next year and sow them to flax.

Nearly all of the cities and towns of Venezuela are now lighted by electricity.

The price of Nevada range cattle has increased 33 per cent. in the past two years.

George Moxy, colored, was taken from the jail at Many, La., and lynched. He was in prison for assaulting a 13-year-old white girl.

The old Wall family gave Wall street its name. Lombard street in London was so named because the Lombards, the first money changers in Paris, were Europe's first bankers.

Luther Bruce, a Dongola, Ills., druggist, committed suicide. Ill health and unpleasant domestic relations are said to be the cause.

Two brothers, John and James Mulcahey, living at Commercial Point, Ills., quarreled over a gun, and during the dispute the weapon was discharged, and James was instantly killed.

Josephine Beck, of Coldwater, O., turned on the gas in a cook stove, but did not light it for some minutes. In the resulting explosion her clothes were set on fire and she was probably fatally burned.

Charles Nash of Fremont, Ia., was cut to pieces by an Iowa Central train.

Potter Palmer and other Chicago capitalists, it is alleged, will soon buy the Palace hotel at San Francisco.

* * *

It is reported that a treaty allowing absolute free trade between the United States and Hawaii has been negotiated.

At Columbus, O., the Republican state central committee discussed what action, if any, should be taken to test the eligibility of Calvin S. Brice to a seat in the United States senate, on the ground that he is not an inhabitant of Ohio. Judge Nash was authorized to make an investigation, confer with Senator Sherman, and report, if possible, in time for another meeting of the committee to be held on Dec. 4.

Turkey has forbidden Hebrew immigrants to enter Turkish territory. The plea is that the spread of disease must be prevented.

A drunkard whom he failed to cure has sued Dr. Keeley of Dwight, Ills., for $12,000 damages.

Lowden Snowden, United States minister to Greece, gave a dinner Thanksgiving day to which he invited the Americans in the city. Among the guests were Minister Robert T. Lincoln, who is stopping in Athens for a few days.

It is believed that the railway disaster near Chattanooga was caused by wreckers, who purposely displaced a rail.

Mme. Patti will leave Liverpool by the City of Paris on her way to the United States Dec. 23.

While out shooting with a party of boys Harry Shortridge of Leavenworth, Kan., stumbled against one of his comrades, whose gun was discharged, and Shortridge was shot through the lung, dying almost instantly.

It is claimed by parties who are interested that a ridge of almost pure iron has been located in the Mesabi range near Duluth.

Commodore Wilkes, the Lexington trotter, was kicked by a mare and his shoulder bone was broken. It is likely that he will die.

Louis Armond was arrested at New York charged with persecuting Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, whom he declares he devoutly loves.

At Clarksville, Ia., the schools have been closed and public meetings forbidden on account of the prevalence of diphtheria.

The English tailor has conquered Paris, on no less authority than Figaro. His material and cut are now standard.

An industrious hive of Andrew county, Mo., bees lately made a record of twelve pounds of honey in twelve hours.

Rigid examination of the applicants for certificates to teach in Willis, Tex., has resulted in the idleness of half the schools of the county.

* * *

Two earthquake shocks shook up Seattle, Wash. No damage was done.

The extensive glass works at Lublin, Poland, were burned, and two workmen perished in the flames.

P. Alexander Johnson, the mind reader, who is at Peoria, is suffering from hemorrhage of the lungs, the result of a bad cold. His condition is considered dangerous.

A passenger steamer ran down a steam launch on the Tyne at Shields, killing three men.

At the convention of electrical linemen held at St. Louis a national organization of electrical workers was organized. The next convention will be held at Chicago in November 1892

The Fremont (Neb.) Flail wants a glass factory established in that city, and claims that they have the sand to make it a go.

A woman in Clinton, Mo., who has just served out a jail sentence wishes to remove to Jefferson City, so as to be near her husband, who is in the penitentiary.

Peculiar

To itself in many important particulars, Hood's Sarsaparilla is different from and superior to any other medicine.

Peculiar in combination, proportion and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the full curative value of the best known remedies of the vegetable kingdom.

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Peculiar in strength and economy—Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine of which can truly be said, "100 doses one dollar." Medicines in larger and smaller bottles require larger doses, and do not produce as good results as Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Peculiar in its "good name at home"—there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold in Lowell, where it is made, than of all other blood purifiers.

Peculiar in its phenomenal record of sales abroad, no other preparation has ever attained such popularity in so short a time. Do not be induced to take any other preparation. Be sure to get

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100 Doses One Dollar

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, DECEMBER 5, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—James O Neill in "Monte Cristo."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"Country Circus."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"Sinbad."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Fanny Davenport, "Cleopatra."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Texas Steer."

THE AUDITORIUM.
Corner Wabash avenue and Congress street.—Grand Opera.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Kate Castleton.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Charles A. Gardner.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"P. CUDMORE," Fairbault, Minn.—The Chicago *Evening Journal* is republican in politics. The Hon. W. K. Sullivan, late chief editor of that paper, and recently appointed United States consul to Bermuda, has always been a Republican. He is a native of Waterford, and is in his 47th year.

"M.M.S.," City.—The term "Tribune" originally meant chief of the tribe. In ancient Rome a tribune was an officer or magistrate chosen by the people to protect them against the oppression of the nobles, and to defend their liberties. Hence modern popular leaders are often, and properly, styled tribunes. The application of the term to Daniel O'Connell is particularly just. It would be gross flattery to call him "Liberator." Although he achieved Catholic emancipation, he did not break a single link of the chain which binds Ireland to Great Britain.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

BALFOUR AND THE IRISH QUESTION

The self-assured Mr. Balfour, late secretary to the English lord lieutenant of Ireland, and now first lord of the treasury, has pronounced to the world in a most oracular manner, that the Irish cause is beaten, and can never again be revived "by conspiracies in Ireland and by the subscriptions of co conspirators in America." This is a very old English story. It dates away back to the time of Henry II. It was familiar in the days of Edward III, and of his grandson Richard II. Henry VIII made it his boast, and so also did his son and daughters, Edward VI, Bloody Mary and bloodier Elizabeth. Mountjoy said that Queen Bess was left in Ireland nothing to rule over but "carcases and ashes." Strafford almost repeated the boast and Cromwell and William were heard from to the same effect. Camden, Castlereagh and Cornwallis proclaimed the political death of Ireland in 1798, 1800 and 1803. The London *Times* and Lord John Russell raised the same cry in 1847. And we ourselves, of the living generation, heard it from the halls of Westminster and the cobwebs of Dublin Castle in 1865 and in 1867. Now again the familiar assertion comes wafted to us from across the ocean on electrical wings—Balfour, the Plaster-of-Paris Cromwell, has at length, according to himself, completed the conquest of the country and the race, which defied "the archers of Strongbow, the Ironsides of Cromwell, and the spies and yeomen of Castlereagh" to subdue their spirit, and which brave sword and fire, axe and halter in the assertion and defence of the great principle. Truly Mr. Balfour is a man of uncommon assumption. He believes strongly in himself. He has reduced the government of Ireland to a mathematical process. Everything, according to him, is now serene, and all that the future, according to the same infallible authority, demands is "a just, inflexible, progressive and kindly rule."

This, indeed, is the Last Conquest of Ireland, but, as Mitchel used to say, with a "perhaps." This Scotch wizard, Balfour, has conquered Ireland by the application of a scourge of Tory thistles. Beyond an occasional election row, which, according to the gifted first lord of the treasury, only shows that Irishmen hate each other much more than they hate English rule, the country is perfectly tranquil. Landlords are no longer escorted by police on horse back or in side cars; hunting the fox proceeds over hills and rocks as of yore. There are no accounts of midnight drillings or of moonlight outrages. Capt. Rock has fallen asleep, and, of a certainty "order," nearly akin to the coldness of death, reigns in Ireland as it does at Warsaw. This is the blissful dream that tranquillizes the slumbers of Balfour, and that will make his seat on the treasury bench assured and comfortable.

But what says Ireland at home and abroad to all this? Is Ireland finally conquered? Has the long struggle for liberty and independence, that survived the assaults of giants, ended in the grasp of a pigmy? We do not believe it. Ireland is now passing through such a dreadful ordeal as she did in 1849 and in 1851. Her spirit burns low, but it is by no means extinguished. The outer world, ever ready to applaud success and to sneer at failure, looks coldly on, but the Irish race everywhere, although chilled and discouraged, has not abandoned hope. The parliamentary ignis fatuus still holds out to burn, and the Irish people will not, as a body, turn away their gaze from its fatal guidance until the issue of the next general election is known. Although the Gladstone Liberals have recently carried many seats at English by-elections, ostensibly on the Home Rule issue, they have also failed to carry, on that issue, some very important constituencies, where the Tory majority was rather feeble. Salisbury and Balfour, now that Parnell is dead, have things pretty much their own way. The English masses know Parnell and they dreaded and respected him. They know little or nothing of the surviving Irish leaders, or alleged leaders, except Davitt, who is not in Parliament, and upon him it is hardly likely the united Irish people would confer the national leadership, because of his well known and most unfortunate hostility toward Parnell at a critical period. It used to be said, after the war, that the masses of the enfranchised plantation darkies of the South knew only two northern names—"Mass Linkum" and "Gennel" Grant. So, in England, Hodge only knows two Irish names—Parnell and Davitt. Now that Parnell's towering personality has forever vanished, the Irish cause is no longer what it used to be to Hodge. He is inclined to take Balfour's view of the situation, and to feel tickled over his slighting allusions to "the aged disunionist," Gladstone. The working and middle classes of the city and town English, outside London and the south of England generally, believe a good deal in Gladstone, but they recognize his great age, and feel that there is no impelling power behind him. What can alone make that impelling power? United Irish opinion and action. Any further display of Irish factionism will be fatal to the national prestige, not in Great Britain and Ireland alone, but all over the world. Unfortunately, there is a chance of a revival of the recent disgraceful scenes in Cork, owing to the sudden death of Mr. Richard Power, member for Waterford city, and a staunch adherent of Parnell. It is quite likely the seat will be vigorously contested, and, in that case, all the worst passions of the people will be aroused, and their leading weaknesses paraded before mankind. It is such scenes that give comfort to the enemy, and force thinking Irishmen to believe that parliamentary methods are more fatal to Irish hopes than even revolutionary fiascoes.

FLUNKEYISM RAMPANT IN IRELAND

THE CITIZEN, at the demise of Mr. C. S. Parnell, looked on that event as a national misfortune. Mr. Parnell's methods were not in every instance those which Irishmen of the true national school of Tone and Mitchel would consider as entirely adequate to the end in view; yet it was acknowledged by all of them that as a "constitutional" agitator Parnell, like Ajax, overtopped his brethren by a head and shoulders. The Irish landlords feared the Land League less than they feared its chief. It was the man and not the movement that struck terror into their hearts, for he was one of themselves; he had by statesmanlike astuteness and heroic courage stripped them to a large extent of their privileges, and reduced most of them to the condition of absolute starvelings. Parnell did more than this, however. He strengthened the spines and put an unwonted vigor into the knee joints of the Irish tenants. He set his face against the abominable custom prevalent among Irish farmers of looking up to their landlords as the pagans of other days did to the gods and demigods to whose "glory" they swung censers of oleander and of myrrh. Thanks to the late leader's influence all such fetichistic worship of the landlords had completely disappeared. The old and slavish habit of presenting a humiliating address to a landlord's son and heir on the occasion of his reaching his majority was totally discontinued for two reasons: simply because the son of a bad landlord deserved no such honor, while the son of a so-called good landlord needed no such compliment, as his father had only done his duty towards those who had entered into a contract with him.

Since Parnell's death, however, THE CITIZEN regrets to state, the Irish farmers have gone back to their old grovelling habits to a large and sufficiently ominous extent. The altars which had been demolished have risen from the ruins. The discredited idols of yesterday have become the Allahs and Buddahs of today. The following clipping from the Cork *Examiner* of the 21st of November will prove our assertions up to the hilt:

"The return home of young Mr. Sampson Beamish was the occasion of much rejoicing among his tenants. This took place on the 17th of November, at the family residence, Kilmalooda, near Timoleague. The first signs of rejoicing took place on the arrival of the minor on the evening of Monday last, when the surrounding country was aglow with numberless bonfires, and a torch-light procession escorted him from Skeaf station to his noble residence.

"The tenants were all invited to Kilmalooda for Tuesday evening, where they witnessed a fine display of fireworks, and again the hills surrounding were aglow with bonfires. The following address was read and presented:

"*Address to Sampson Beamish, Esq., on the Occasion of His Arriving at His Majority:*

"Honored and Dear Sir:—We, your grateful and loving tenantry, beg to tender to you on this very auspicious occasion, when you have arrived at your majority, our best and most hearty and heartfelt congratulations. We do this in order to show you that not alone do we honor you, but we also honor and respect your ancestors, who have filled so faithfully and honorably the position they held over us and our fathers before us. We still keep their memory and their many noble and disinterested actions fresh and green in our hearts, when they showed themselves true friends of their tenantry during troublous and hard times, and sympathized with them when misfortunes beset them. During your minority we had every reason to be grateful for the manner in which we were treated, and we are gratified for the great leniency extended and accorded to us by your much respected and honored mother, of whom you may well feel proud, and to whom we owe much for the unvarying kindness in which she has always listened to our troubles, and the considerate way in which she has treated us.

"In conclusion, we beg to express a hope, and it is our sincere desire that she may be long spared to you, and to again offer you our best congratulations on your entering upon the many responsible and onerous duties before you, and we hope that as we have been so fortunate as to have you spared to fill your rightful position over us, you will long continue to occupy it, and live among us in the same friendly manner as your ancestors before you, and uphold the ancient respectability and reputation of your time-honored name.

"Signed on behalf of your loving tenantry,

DANIEL WALSH, Ballinascarthy,
T. MURPHY, Skeaf,
"Corkuvoulter, Ballineen, Co. Cork.

"To Sampson Thomas Beamish, Esq., Kilmalooda, Clonakilty."

THE CITIZEN, while not having a word to say against this Mr. Sampson T. Beamish, who may be a very estimable youth, has very much to say against those emasculated tenants of his who lit bonfires and sang hosannas in his praise. As Mr. Beamish's forefathers got their property by plunder, there is no reason why he or they should be thanked for receiving the booty with the sunniest smiles. The whine of the abject serf occurs in the phrase: "We also honor and respect your ancestors who have filled so faithfully and honorably the position they held *over* us and our fathers before us." The unfortunate slaves thank their taskmasters for being so kind to them forsooth! This declaration of theirs, however, cannot hold a candle to that in which they say that they are grateful for the great leniency that has been extended to them! They thank this scion of a "noble" house that they have been allowed to live and pay their rents dutifully for generations to his forefathers who had no claim to the land. They go down on their marrow bones to a juvenile whose sires tolerated their very presence on the Beamish estates!

Those politicians who howled Parnell to his grave will now see the evil effect of their gruesome manifestations. The revival of the old system of landlord worship will do more harm to the Irish cause than any amount of English coercion bills passed in Westminster. It is pitiable to note that the evil spirit of flunkeyism is again budding forth and blossoming among the tenant farmers of Ireland.

THE YOUNG IRELAND LEAGUE.

Some months ago a convention took place in Dublin at which it was resolved to establish a society for the furtherance of the Irish language, Irish literature and Irish art. Among the leading spirits who attended that convention were John O'Leary, the veteran Fenian, and W. B. Yeats, the young and promising Irish poet. The proceedings throughout were marked with genuine enthusiasm, and resulted in the formation of a body to be known as the Young Ireland League.

Since then, so far as THE CITIZEN is aware, this League has shown no visible signs of existence. Whether it died stillborn, or whether it drags its weary way along to perish later on of insanition and neglect, the fact remains that the enthusiasm, which rose to boiling heat at its inception, has evidently gone down to zero. This is not as it should be. Irishmen should not, for their own self respect, allow any such praiseworthy organization to give up the ghost in its very cradle.

The objects of the Young Ireland League were sufficiently worthy, one would fancy, to appeal to the moral and material support of every Irishman who believes in the undiluted creed of Irish nationality, and who is opposed to the absorption of his race at home in that of the Anglo Saxon. The programme of the League was "kindly Irish of the Irish." It aimed at the revival of the tongue of the Gael—that fine old language once spoken by bard and brehon, Ardrigh and Ollamh in the golden age of Innisfail—a language strong, vehement and impassioned as the Greek, and yet as melodiously sweet and melting as the Italian—a language, in fine, which, though thousands of years old, might still enjoy the fire and vitality of perennial youth, if the Irish people had kept it as religiously on their lips as did the Breton and the Cymry. As it is, the Irish language is today spoken by several hundred thousand of our countrymen at home. In Cork, Kerry, Clare, Galway, Mayo, Limerick—aye, and away up amid the Highlands of Donegal the tongue that awoke the echoes of the Alpine recesses when Dathi fell smitten by the lightning of Heaven—the tongue that thrilled through the lullabies chanted over the cradles of Hugh O'Neill and Red Hugh is lisped and sung, spoken and cherished still. Under such circumstances it would be quite possible to revive it throughout almost the entire island. The fallacy which prevailed to a certain extent a generation ago among the Irish masses that the national language was a vulgar dialect fit only for the unlettered, has long since been exploded. German professors lecture on it, and speak it in German universities. French *savants* study it and admire it. The society for the preservation of the Irish language, and the Gaelic Union, both of which are established in Dublin, are working patriotically to save it from extinction.

Another item in the programme of the Young Ireland League is the encouragement of Irish literature. For this object it was proposed to collect, edit and publish the Jacobite relics in the vernacular; to issue a special selection of the works of our Irish or Anglo Irish poets; to collect the historical writings and essays, the folk or legendary lore of our various authors, and thus to furnish the Irish race with an exclusively Irish literary pabulum. Libraries, stored with such volumes, were to be established in every town and village in the country; debating societies were to meet in the winter evenings to discuss topics of a literary, national or historic character; and in this way it was anticipated—and correctly so—that the young generation of Irishmen would grow up thoroughly imbued with a patriotic spirit, and wholly divested of those mongrel West British ideas which still hold the field among certain classes of the community. With this view a holy war was to be proclaimed on the gutter literature from England that infests Irish book stalls. All English books—with the exception of those of standard authors—were to be boycotted, and in their stead we were to have the poetry of Thomas Davis and Thomas Moore, of McCarthy, and Callanan, and Mangan, and Ferguson, and Casey, and O'Donnell; the histories of the Four Masters, of McGeoghegan, Mitchel, Prendergast and McGee; the learned dissertations of O'Donovan and Curry; the novels of Griffin, Banim and Kickham; the Irish folk lore of Lady Wilde, and the fairy legends of Douglas Hyde, Edmund Leamy and W. B. Yeats, and hundreds of other volumes, the perusal and study of which would make the Irish people proud of their country, and more devoted than they ever were to the principles of Irish nationality.

In addition to these objects it was contemplated also to encourage Irish art. The history of Ireland could furnish many themes for the painter's brush, and the Valhalla of Ireland's heroes and martyrs might be drawn upon for statuary. The objection to this programme is absurd on the part of wiseacres who assert that it would interfere with the political movement. There are men of light and learning in Ireland today—brainy men of radical thought and tendency—who have no belief in the possibility of the Irish race achieving their independence on a platform or in parliament. There are others who are forced to turn away in disgust from the sordid intrigues, the vapid feuds and wire pulling trickeries associated with politics in Ireland as they are elsewhere. These men have a grand and noble mission before them in carrying out the programme of the Young Ireland League; and their work and teachings, instead of weakening will go very far to purify, elevate and consolidate the political movement of today.

THE CITIZEN trusts in conclusion that the Young Ireland League is not dead. If it be not wholly defunct, let it arise from its torpor, and make one more heroic attempt to regenerate its race, and unanglicise the thousands who have been, so to speak, patriotically debauched by the claptrap of the "grand old spider," and his spurious policy of the union of hearts and hands. Let Ireland stand on her own feet, and prepare herself by the cultivation of her own language, literature, tradition and art to enter on the high career of a separate nationality, for which she was destined not alone by reason of her geographical position but also by that of right and justice.

TIMOTHY HEALY'S tongue has grown almost quite clean of late. Cowhiding has a healthy, sanitary effect on certain constitutions.

THE coroner has his grip on Mr. Yerkes; yet the railroad magnate will not lend himself to an inquest. Meanwhile the cables get out of order and thousands of Chicagoans, having paid their nickels, have to hie them home on foot through miles of slush and mire. What does Mr. Yerkes care as long as the shekels are flowing into his coffers?

THE project of holding an Irish Eisteddfodd at the World's Fair ought to be inaugurated at once if the promoters wish it to be a success. What an eventful spectacle it would be—a convention in which Irish speeches would be delivered and Irish songs sung in the whilom camping ground of the Iroquois. Now, Gaels, be up and stirring!

THE CITIZEN trusts that the suggestion thrown out in its last issue by a correspondent will be duly reported upon and carried out by the Gaels of Chicago. The study of Irish history and poetry should be cultivated wherever it is possible to organize an Irish library. The development of the brain is by no means inconsistent with that of the muscle. Athletes become better men, possessing the additional qualities of knowledge and culture.

THE CITIZEN declines through motives of common decency to take any cognizance of the Russell divorce proceedings in London beyond pointing out the fact that the aristocracy of England is week after week sinking more and more deeply in the mire of immorality. And yet these gilded folks condemn what they call French vice and Irish crime with a consciousness of self superiority of a most supercilious kind. England must be in a bad way when her so called "nobles" are the most ignoble wretches on her shores. Ireland must suffer from her proximity to such a land.

THE cable brings us the following intelligence: "The McCarthyites have decided to take decisive steps to secure the Paris fund. Mr. McCarthy and Timothy Healy have begun action against Mr. Monroe, the banker who holds the funds, to decide the ownership thereof and compel the restoration of the money to its rightful owners." Mr. Healy has no more right than Bismarck or the Shah of Persia to institute any proceedings against Banker Monroe except merely in his capacity as a lawyer. Mr. Justin McCarthy will have to wait several years for the recovery of the fund—if indeed he will be able to recover it at all—as French law is in its working details and red tape imbroglios more than proverbially slow.

IRISH-AMERICAN CLUB RECEPTION.

The opening reception of the Irish-American club was held in the club rooms at Lake and Dearborn streets on Wednesday evening. This reception inaugurates the club's series of winter parties. About seventy-five couples were in attendance to congratulate the club on the changed appearance of its quarters, which have been completely refitted during the past summer.

Dancing was the order of the evening, and Fitzgerald's orchestra furnished the music. The grand march began at 9 o'clock. At midnight supper was served, between waltzes. The reception committee consisted of James Conlan, Jr., chairman; Wm. R. Farrell, Joseph J. Duffy, J. E. Bourke, Thos. Kelly and N. D. Laughlin. The next reception of the club will be held on the third Wednesday in January, and will be marked by several interesting musical and literary features. Among the many guests present Wednesday evening were Messrs. and Mmes. President John S. Cooke, P. Cavanagh, W. McCarthy, M. Kelly, M. F. Donoghue, E. H. Roche, Charles. A. Cooke, Peter McGurn, E. J. McPhelim; Misses Nellie Weadley, Katie Sharkey, M. Eichenberg, A. Graham, Katie Lynch, M. E. Keane, Helena Quirk, E. O'Hara, Alice Mackin, Agnes Brencck, Lydia Donoghue, M. Donoghue, Rose Brenock, Jennie Clancey, Ella Roche, Katie Wade, Rebecca Gallery, Frances Heeney, Katie Clary, Teresa Heeney; Messrs. W. Weadley, Jr.; John E. Dalton, T. F. O'Malley, L. J. Reed, John J. Pailbin, H. Wrightson, T. P. Wade, John B. Heeney, G. J. Cooke, M. F. Madden, J. Conlan, Jr.; Thos. G. Lynch, E. P. Nerney, D. F. Kelly, W. H. Allen, H. L. McGivern, W. Frawley, Stephen O'Brien, P. G. Smyth, Thos. Kelly, M. J. Keane, Joseph J. Duffy, J. C. Duffy, J. S. Hyland, D. J. Gallery, J. Keefe.

A Well Deserved Promotion.

The friends and comrades of John W. Byron, late lieutenant colonel of the 88th regiment of New York Volunteers (Meagher's "Irish Brigade"), will be glad to learn that Col. Byron has been recently promoted to be acting inspector of the Soldiers' Home at Dayton, Ohio, by Gen. William B. Franklyn, president of the national board. Col. Byron's present position is equivalent to a commission in the United States regular army, without any of the attending discomforts arising from active service and change of place.

Col. Byron has well earned his promotion, which does credit to the appreciation by the veteran Gen. Franklin of the worth and ability of the survivors of the gallant soldiers who served with him in the Army of the Potomac through the most trying time of the late war. He was one of the first to volunteer as a private in "Company K. Irish Zouaves," raised by Meagher in 1861 for service with the 69th regiment N. Y. S. M., under Colonel (afterwards Brigadier General) Corcoran. He fought with his regiment at the first battle of Bull Run, and on the return of the 69th re-enlisted in the 88th New York Volunteers, was commissioned a lieutenant, served with his regiment all through the four years of the war, and was mustered out, at its close, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. An enthusiastic Tipperary Nationalist, Col. Byron was not long out of the service of Uncle Sam when he went over to Ireland in 1865 hoping to serve his native land. He was one of the American officers arrested in that year "on suspicion" by the "Castle" authorities, and spent many weary months of imprisonment in Kilmainham, like other American soldiers whom our miscalled "representative at the court of St. James" abandoned to the tender mercies of the British government. As nothing could be proved against Col. Byron he was finally liberated, and returned to the United States with the fixed determination that if ever the chance offered he would go back again and pay off old scores with his jailers—without the aid of the American minister. Col. Byron is an officer well posted in all the details of military service—whether in field or garrison; and the Dayton Soldiers' Home is fortunate in his appointment. It is not one of the least of his good attributes that he is an Irish scholar and loves the old tongue of his fathers—as a true Irishman should.—*Irish American.*

MARTYRS HONORED

In Kansas City by a Large Assemblage of Patriotic Irishmen—Address by the Hon. O'Neill Ryan, of St. Louis.

The green and the gold floated side by side at Music Hall Monday, Nov. 23, with the stars and stripes, and the burning words of Hon. O'Neill Ryan, of St. Louis, roused the audience to the highest pitch of patriotic fervor, as he pictured in eloquent terms the martyrdom of the Fenians, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, who were hung in Manchester, twenty four years ago, for "high treason" against the English government, in liberating Judge Kelly, who was being taken to prison for treason.

Edmund Lynch presided at the meeting and Hon. John O'Grady, City Attorney James W. Fisher, Wm. Dwyer, M. Doyle, Con O'Sullivan, Peter Haydon, Joseph Haydon, Wm. O'Connor, Matt Lynch, James McGrane, Dr. T. T. Brennan, Father P. J. O'Donnell and John Fitzpatrick were chosen to act as vice presidents, and occupied seats on the platform.

Chairman Lynch, on opening the meeting, delivered a brief but stirring address on the event to commemorate which the meeting had been called. A literary and musical programme was rendered, consisting of flute solos by Mr. Charles J. Gallagher; a vocal duet by Misses Kate and Mollie Kirby; a recitation, "The Flag of the Irish Brigade," and "The Green and the Gold," as an encore, by Miss Alice Walsh; a vocal solo by Miss Maud Derby, and a poem in Gaelic by City Attorney James W. Fraher. This programme was received with every mark of appreciation by the audience, and most of the numbers were encored.

The oration of the evening was delivered by Hon. O'Neill Ryan, of St. Louis, and was an eloquent and masterly effort. As a harper, he played upon the hearts of his audience, and his address was greeted with ringing applause at the conclusion of almost every sentence.

Mr. Ryan began with a handsome compliment to Miss Walsh for her admirable recitations, and continued by saying that this was an age of wonderful political changes.

"We have seen the lilies of France," said Mr. Ryan, "bend before the eagles of Germany, and the German empire itself almost ruled by the Teuton peasant; we have heard the Russian bear growl with fear in his lair. The sun has set upon an empire and risen upon a republic. And yet the people who have contributed largely to the beauties of art, the triumphs of literature and the achievements of science, assemble here tonight, not to recount their own victories, but to recall with tender pride the martyrs to the cause of Irish liberty. England turns a pitying eye to other nations in distress, but on her latest victim, lying prostrate at her feet, she turns a glance like that of Medusa that would change its victim into stone.

"The Fenian movement has been criticized, but in certain ways it has been productive of much good, and I think that the impartial reader of Irish history will exclaim with wonder that rebellions have been so infrequent and secret societies so few. Twenty-four years ago the shadow of a great tragedy fell upon the scaffold on which three martyrs stood with upturned faces, but before their dying eyes a glorious vision rose—the glad day when Irish liberty would be no longer a dream, but a reality. There is a grandeur in graves and a glory in gloom. They were condemned as felons, yet to the Irish people they are martyrs; they were executed as traitors, yet they are revered as heroes. The great ocean is swept with storms, yet its very tempest and tumult is the earnest of a calm to come, and beneath the surge of political fury there is a strong and steady undercurrent of common sense that rises above unworthy things and enthrones the justice that is fought for. The American people are fair and just, and they know that the Irish people demand rights that are inherent in all peoples. On such occasions as this all that Erin's sons and daughters can do is to turn their thoughts to the Manchester gibbet, lighted only with the inextinguishable hope of future victory.

"The Irish people have fought bravely all battles but their own. In every land and for every flag they have been the bravest of the brave. They bled at Valley Forge; they fought behind the breastworks at New Orleans, and in the rocky passes of the land of cactus; and the fields of the great Rebellion have been dyed a deeper crimson with the blood that flowed from Irish hearts. Is the cause of Irish liberty to go down in the maelstrom of contending factions? Is not the spectre of discord a thousand fold more dreadful than the spectre of famine? Shall union be turned to discord, love to hate and patriotism to personal abuse?"

Mr. Ryan closed with an eloquent appeal for a strong, aggressive national movement, and depicted in thrilling words the glory of that day when the cause which has survived the storm of famine and the shock of battle shall triumph, and when the old land, dear to every Irish heart though it lies bound beyond the sea, shall rise, erect, superb in victory, radiant in nationhood, and take its place as a nation among the nations of the earth.

At the conclusion of the oration the following resolution was adopted on motion of Mr. Ryan:

Resolved, That the sympathy of this meeting be extended to the bereaved family of the late P. W. Nally, who died in Millbank jail a few days ago, after nearly ten years' unjust imprisonment, the latest martyr to British tyranny.—*Kansas City Journal.*

A SPLENDID "FELON."

Masterly Portrait of the Immortal Patriot, John Mitchel, Drawn by John Augustus O'Shea, the Famous War Correspondent.

Character of the Hero's Genius—Contrasts in the Style of Authors in English Literature.

In Father Kenyon's house at the period of the American war I met Mrs. Mitchel, a charming lady of refined manners, petite and full of intelligence, and the exile's daughter, Minnie, a little maiden of a classic beauty with luxuriant hair, lambent eyes, and sun kissed cheeks. There was the suggestion of a colder Sappho in her proud fine profile—of a pictured medæval Madonna in her full face, but a Madonna figured as the "stella matutina" rather than the "salus infirmorum." The mother was an airy, fairy, helpful housewife; the daughter a sylph-like creation of loveliness, fragile and exquisitely tinted as some slim vase of precious porcelain. Under the same roof I made the acquaintance of another mother and daughter, the daughter one of the fairest Irish girls I have ever seen, patrician featured, perfectly proportioned, with a complexion of the clearest—transparent and delicate as the hues on the retiring side of a sea shell, yet rich at times as the petals of a damask rose. She was the acknowledged belle of the only Castle ball she ever attended, and met a fate as pathetic as it was phenomenal. I was speaking of it one evening to an English playwright in the vestibule of the Lyceum Theatre when he laughed at me and turned round to Mr. M Gunn and said: "Here's the champion Ananias at last! O'Shea swears that he knows of an instance of people having been drowned in an omnibus." Poor Gunn's face darkened under the shadow of a gloomy vision, and he walked aside silently. Little did Pottinger Stephens imagine that the man he was addressing had lost his father in the same unparalleled accident. When the pastor of Templederry heard of the death of the twain to whom he was attached by a lengthened and most cordial intimacy, he was profoundly moved, and the strong man, yielding to imperious grief, threw himself on a couch and sobbed—"This is the first skelp at my vitals!" At his expense a monument was put over the remains of Matilda O'Connell and her mother. "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in their death they were not divided."

A GHASTLY BOARDING HOUSE.

In the summer of 1866 I went to Paris, where Mitchel was residing as the correspondent of a New York paper. I called on him in the Rue de Rivoli to present a letter of introduction with which I had been favored by John Martin. He opened the outer door of his suite of rooms to me himself, and informed me that he was about changing his quarters to the boarding house of a Madame Bonnery, in the Rue de Lacepede on the left bank of the Seine, whither he advised me to go myself. It was a cheaper and quieter part of the town. His reception was the reverse of effusive. It struck me as reserved for an Irishman, but Mitchel was an Irishman of Scotch blood, and naturally of a distant disposition. He did not jump at friendships—did not, as some expansive persons I could mention, squeeze the blood to your finger tips at first rencontre and forget all about you tomorrow or next day. He was no disciple of gush, but cool, discriminating, with disciplined emotions. He wanted to fathom his man before he gave him his confidence, but that once given was thoroughly given, and was not readily shaken or lightly withdrawn. I moved to the boarding house. It had been a convent. It was a mausoleum, tenanted mostly by aged spinsters with mummified skins—a creepy, chill damp caravanseral with some staircases and dusk corridors and weird echoes that might have been raised by the muffled footfalls of the ghosts of former lodgers. "When I get into the dining-room," wrote Mitchel to Mrs. Dillon in 1863, "it makes me shiver with a sudden thought of the morgue and the cemeteries." But a colony of students of art and medicine, all youngsters and several Irish, gathered there, and then came a transformation, and the dripping walls, with their traditions serious and sacred, shook to the sounds of pealing merriment, music and dance. If walls had souls how they may have rejoiced, or, per chance, how they may have been shocked and scandalized.

NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ.

On the first occasion of our sitting to table together I was on Mitchel's right and the late Alfred O'Hea on his left. Mitchel was in unusually good spirits. "Strange," he said, "that I who have been so long from home should find myself between a Mr. O'Shea and a Mr. O'Hea. Gentlemen, I drink to you." Up in his high chamber with its dormer windows and mansard roof we had long conversations of nights as the faggots crackled in the stove and lent cheerfulness to the dull attic. Our host preferred to smoke and listen; we sipped our moderate "quantum sufficit" of brandy punch and toyed with the spoons—he drew us out with his comments and observations. I never took a pencilled note of them. Such a practice has always appeared to me objectionable and partaking of the nature of eaves dropping, and yet considering who our host was, and that our talk was neither calumny nor frippery, I sometimes regret that I did not lay aside my scruples and transfer to paper his quaint badinage, wise illustrations, and grim philosophizings while they were fresh in my recollection. In all of them there was a sombre tune. Like Martin he was a passionate admirer of Scott, but Dumas he esteemed the foremost and most fascinating of romancers, so crisp and witty in dialogue, so daring of invention and fertile in surprise; and "Monte Cristo" he esteemed as the masterpiece of Dumas. He cured the dumps in us with many a college joke, the scene of which was laid in the Holy Land, a popular resort of the students of his time, lying due south of the college park. These jokes borrowed nothing from their telling, for they were given forth without any variation of accent or unctuous hint that he revelled in them. Mitchel was no raconteur, had no plasticity of countenance and little play of voice; and still he could relate an anecdote effectively. His affection for the late John Dillon was deep seated, and he often lamented his untimely death, and accusingly attributed it to those who allowed him to go sea bathing when he was suffering from a dangerous illness. "Meagher of the Sword" so nicknamed by *Punch*, but who lived to fling back the taunt with the flashing emphasis of a blade drawn for freedom on the field of strife—Meagher he described to me as the grandest specimen of manhood he had ever gazed upon, as he was in their Australian banishment, molded like a Hercules duplicated with an Apollo, frank, fearless, handsome, muscular as a gladiator, with the courtly manners of a knight and the bearing of a born chieftain. I have often since recalled his opinions of Prof Goldwin Smith—a pedagoguish ape in love with his own personality, an owl with the conceit of a cockatoo, an impostor in the domain of the intellectual.

PEN-AND INK PORTRAIT OF A PATRIOT.

It is difficult to give such a personal description of Mitchel as will set him before the reader in recognizable similitude. The faculty of rendering a vivid and faithful portrait in a few bold touches is rare and restricted to writers of genius like Ruskin or Michelet. A stroke of the informed pencil is worth a labored page with the pen. He was tall, gaunt, and dark as five men out of every fifty may be, and in his saturnine face there was no peculiarity that would fix itself on the memory. There are some faces which once seen can never be forgotten. Not so his. It had to be studied before assurance could be felt that one could identify it again in a crowd. Eyes grey and piercing, features bony and sallow, coated with a faint umber from exposure, cheeks high, chin determined, whiskers short and grizzled, moustache thick—such are the hasty notes I find by me of an attempt at a photograph of the man as I saw him. In his youth he must have been powerful of physique, and even then, worn as he was by durance and sorrow and a most awful malady—none can realize what the agonies of asthma are but those who have experienced them—he had the appearance of one whom it would not be safe to insult, a tough antagonist, deficient neither in biceps nor pluck. But though strong he was not quarrelsome. I never saw him out of temper—I should not have liked to have seen him so. He spoke slowly and with a precise enunciation, bringing out his words with an undeniable Ulster emphasis, yet not so marked that anybody but a born Irishman would distinguish it. His nose—and the nose is a trait not to be overlooked—was of the straight, long, strenuous shape, but was disfigured to the extent of being put slightly away by a blow received in felling timber in Tennessee before he had picked up the gift of wielding an axe. Still, though no addition to his presence in a picture, it did not detract from his commanding, dignified countenance, foot to foot. Men with small or short noses never did anything great. There are exceptions, of course; but as a general rule those with thin noses are cruel or griping, and those with cocked noses are petulant or conceited. When reading, Mitchel looked closely at the paper, as if short sighted, but about this there was a peculiarity of which Mr. William Dillon in his excellent biography seems to have been ignorant. With his right eye he read, with his left he scanned distant objects; he had one for the closet and one for society, for the simple and very good reason that they were of different foci. There was a fanatic astronomer once—was it Laplace?—whose served one of his eyes for the observation of the starry bodies, and with the other discharged his sublunar concerns; and it has sometimes struck me that if it were possible for an enterprising optician to register some patent of a visual formation of the kind, without the disagreeable hint of strabismus, it would be a happy consummation, and for the patentee a perfect mine of wealth. It was not easy to excite Mitchel's risible organs; the joke had need be genuine and quick that roused his laugh, and when he did laugh, what a laugh it was! Rather might it have been termed a savage but more enjoyable chuckle than any conventional form of guffaw, a laugh all to himself, after the fashion of the Red Indians. When he frowned under the pent house of his brows, there was an awful brooding electric force. One could divine that it would soon leap from cloud blackness to burning, blazing activity in his charged and murky mood of passion.

"THE STYLE IS THE MAN."

I am shy to essay observations, least of all critical observations, on Mitchel's literary style—it would be merest impertinence on my part—and, besides, the best way to frame an opinion on a great writer is not to take it cut and dry from self-appointed connoisseurs, who may be incompetent or envious, but to search it out in his volumes. There are tea tasters and wine tasters; but it should not be forgotten that there are such things as palates—and they vary. On some the most aromatic flavor would be lost. Like the dissipated cardriver, they relish only the whisky that clutches them by the throat as it goes down and fiercly asserts itself. In studying Mitchel at the fountain-head, the result will well repay the trouble. To my judgment he was the greatest Irish master of style that ever penned a sentence—lucent as Lucifer, the morning star; incisive as aquafortis; strong and crushing as a steamroller; trenchant as Carlyle, without his plaguy affectation of double barrelled Teutonesque neologisms; glowing as Macaulay, without his, in the end, meretricious monotony of gaud—trescle in thick layers, fireworks where every artifice is an elaborated Catherine wheel; plain and direct as Cobbett, minus the vulgarity; a poet not needing the aid nor tied by the trammels of verse; a painter who could create effects as striking and permanent with his pen and ink as others with brushes multiplied and a whole chromatic compost of pigments, top dressed by costliest copal. A young Irish Australian, Denihey, who was called to the other world before he had time to achieve the reputation he was equal to in this, understood Mitchel, and he compared the denunciations of Junius to his as lemonade, and inferior lemonade too, to arrack; the thunders of the *Times* to his as weak rum and water to Russian quass.

THE KEY TO HIS CHARACTER.

He was very conscientious in composition. Before he wrote on any subject, even those of such an ephemeral class as formed the material of a bi weekly correspondence for a New York journal, he looked at it from every side, thought it out, consulted authorities at the Imperial library and elsewhere, and then sat down and invested it with an originality and a subtlety (in the better sense) all his own. He had a holy horror of the facile stereotyped newspaperese. He was no boulevardic chronicler no snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. To him presswork of the Thibet praying machine order, rolled out in unending, unvarying tape, must have been utter drudgery. It was putting a mettled steed to tug at the weary round of a mill-wheel. But it had to be done for bread and thus the talents were spent, almost frittered, on the topics of an hour, which might and should have been busy making precious and enduring additions to literature. Politics ravished him from the fond beckonings of the Pierides. His temperament was of such reckless, energetic fibre that one cannot picture him reclining under shade of Virgilian beech or else Australian blue gum tree, much less contenting himself with the pettifogging wrangles, the artificial excitements, and the nice law points of a country attorney. He panted for action, rejoiced in the shock and flame of combat, longed to plunge into the mid-whirl of vertiginous tumult, and feel that he was indeed living, and a force, that was the key to his character. Where John Martin would philosophically vegetate and fatten, he would fret himself into a fever or sink into the shaky limpness of a jelly fish. He could write French well, perhaps as well as Gibbon, but he told me once that he did not fell the confidence in himself to enter on any controversy in French, and he added: "It may be better so, for I fear I should soon find myself expelled from France, if not transported to Lambessa." The gain to Irish politics of Mitchel's association with it is in the example of an uncompromising love of country and a fierce sincerity; but on the other hand the loss to Irish literature, because of it, is incalculable. Still some of his books remain as lasting and most solid testimonies to his genius, such as "The Last Conquest of Ireland (Perhaps)," "The Jail Journal," and the peerless monograph on Mangan. His continuation of the Abbe Macgeoghegan's "History of Ireland," too, is a "magnum opus," clear, vigorous, true, and compendious without being skimping.

A PERSONAL PROTEST.

It was not amusing to read in a report of a meeting of a literary society in Dublin the other day that we have not yet a great historian, poet, or novelist. We have the historian in Mitchel, one as good as the theme is worth. What would you? Some people forget that this is a tidal world, not a world of stagnation; John a dreams has no place here.

"Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead"

is the wise and healthy motto, the counsel never out of season. It is useless to go moping and meandering with drowsy reverance over the irrecoverable past. Better that we should feel the full blood of the New bonding in our veins, and do something that posterity may prize. As to the dictum anent the poets and novelists, certes we have no Shakespeare or Scott, nor are we likely to have until the English tongue has ingrained itself in us—a matter of generations. We have no epic or dramatic poet of the first rank, albeit there have been Shiel and Sheridan Knowles—overmuch stilt and glitter—and the highest of living dramatic poets in these realms is an Irishman, Wills, of Waterford. But we have lyric poets innumerable, and we can boast of novelists, and great novelists, whose hold on the wide reading public shows no token of relaxing. I have been reading Lever lately, and I withdraw anything I ever said against him; he is splendid, unapproachable in his line, and racily Irish—the whole Irish question is summed up in Father Loftus' brief address to Jack Hinton in the thirty-fifth chapter of the rollicking story, and then his shrewd, spirited, sarcastic sketches of Irish "genteel" failing, and how the Continental schemers exploit them in "The Dodd Family Abroad"—but how can Dryasdust be expected to appraise that? Then are there not Lover—the inimitable "Rory O'Moore" is the best Irish novel extant—Carleton, Banim, and Griffin, not to speak of such moderns as Sheridan LeFanu, who has put the saddle on a nightmare, or Richard Dowling, whose "Mystery of Killard" has pages instinct with the mystic stress of Hugo?—*John Augustus O'Shea, the "Irish Bohemian in the Dublin Weekly Freeman.*

CHRIST IS CHARITY.

Able and Learned Speech Delivered by Mr. John J. Fitzgibbon at the Banquet of the Visitation and Aid Society.

The following eloquent and philosophical speech was delivered by Mr. John J. Fitzgibbon, President of the Calumet National Bank, at the banquet of the Visitation and Aid Society at Kinsley's last week:

MR CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN: It is a source of pleasure to us all to see so many prominent and distinguished gentlemen around this festive board, who are here for the purpose of emphasizing, encouraging and aiding the Visitation society in their noble work of charity. This great city, in which thousands endowed with health, strength and skill are engaged in a fierce struggle to maintain their existence, has a large number of the poor, the sick and the afflicted who suffer for the necessaries and comforts of life which should be supplied by those whom God Almighty has blessed with a superabundance of this world's goods. The primary and cardinal principle of the old Roman church to which it is our privilege and happiness to belong is charity. If we eliminate charity from christianity we take out of it Christ. From the time he wrought his first miricle by converting water into wine at the wedding feast in Cana until the closing scenes of His life He constantly ministered to the wants of the destitute, the despised and the forsaken. His heart was moved with compassion, tenderness and mercy for the sufferings and afflictions of the poor. It was in solacing and comforting them that He manifested His power, His glory and His divinity. He commanded His chosen apostles and all who were to believe in Him in the ages to come to practice the gospel of charity. At the time He came upon earth to redeem mankind and establish His church the Roman empire ruled the world. But no benevolent institution or charity hospital to take care of the decrepid, the maimed or the needy could be found throughout the length and breadth of its vast dominions. They were looked upon as burdens upon society and cast aside to rot and perish. The sublime civilization, so rich and unapproachable in philosophy, art and literature which the Greco-Romans reared, was in the fullness of its greatness, splendor and grandeur. For centuries before the Christian era until now, their intellectual monuments have been and will be for centuries to come, the light of the world. The most gifted and cultivated of modern nations can only approach their ideals. Notwithstanding the dazzling brilliancy, power and majesty of the Greco Roman civilization, its social and political organization was honeycombed with vice and crimes which called to heaven for vengeance and retribution. The time was at hand for the apostles of the new dispensation, the new evangel, to stem the torrent of iniquity which threatened the destruction of all that was good and noble in the Greco-Roman civilization and introduce into it the saving, revivifying and regenerating principles of Christianity. This herculean labor was undertaken by a few obscure fishermen and their followers. You know the persecutions and martyrdoms which the early Christians suffered for centuries. But in the days of Constantine the Great, the banner of the cross, the sacred emblem of salvation and regeneration was planted in every region of the empire. Soon after came the incursions of the northern barbarians who laid waste with fire and sword civilized Europe. Then it was that the divine mission of the church was made known. She saw around and about her ruin and desolation; her monastries, churches, and schools of learning swept away in the general work. Nothing daunted, she commenced the stupendous work of subduing the ferocious, cruel and untameable barbarians to the empire of law, of government and religion. The great and mighty nations of Europe today, with their universities, their schools of art and halls of science, are the growth and development of Catholic ideas and principles. We who are here tonight are the legitimate heirs of all that our mother church has done for God and Christianity. It should be our pride as it is our duty, to be true to her teachings, and do all in our power to aid her in placing the human race on a higher and nobler plane of civilization than it has yet reached.

A ROMANCE OF THE LATIN QUARTER.

(Tempe, 1869.)

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

I walk today the Luxembourg
Beside the river Seine,
And gaze upon the olden haunts,
And olden scenes again;
I sit upon a pinewood bench
Beneath the alder tree
To dream once more the dazzling dreams
That once had charms for me—
To live the days of youthhood o'er
That knew no vain regret,
When I was an *studiant*,
And she was a *grisette*.

And while I sit and muse for hours,
I think I see her now—
A braided shock of raven hair
Astride her snowy brow,
Sweet eyes of deep and beady black,
And lips superbly red,
A white rose on her rounded breast—
A bonnet on her head.
The Latin Quarter's queen was she—
My winsome Antoinette—
When I was an *studiant*,
And she was a *grisette*.

Each eve my daily study o'er
I'd leave the grim Sorbonne
With bounding step and throbbing heart
To meet my darling one;
And there while stars peeped from the skies
I'd grasp her finger tips,
And conjugate the verb "to love"
On her unlearned lips!
Then gaily would her laughter ring
(I think I hear it yet!)
When I was an *studiant*,
And she was a *grisette*.

Oh, there we swore when dawned the day
Brave men would make a raid
Upon Napoleon's Tuileries
We'd man the barricade,
And strike for freedom's holy cause,
And lay the despot low,
As others did in other days
Some eighty years ago!
And when that longed-for moment came,
The eagle's hordes we'd dare,
For I would be a *caporal*,
And she *vivandiere*.

This evening in a wine-shop, sir,
Not quite unknown to fame
Behind a counter I espy
My Luxembourgian flame—
Her face a mass of ruddy flesh,
Her eyes bloodshot, and zounds!
If she were weighed, she'd turn the scales
At some three hundred pounds!
She's now, I'm told, the loving spouse
Of old Wine Merchant Pel,
And neighbors call her by the name
Of Madame Mere Michel.

I quaffed my glass of Burgundy,
And with it and my tears
I swallowed all the callow dreams
Of the departed years:
Romance is but a plum for fools—
I've laid it under ban,
And, growing wiser, I become
A most prosaic man!
So wherefore 'tis that "good old time"
I hasten to forget
When I was an *studiant*,
And she was a *grisette!*

FACTION FIGHTS MUST CEASE.

Some Irish-Americans Send Warning to Warring Leaders in Ireland.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—Over a hundred Irish-Americans whose affiliations were with the Irish National League met in Brevoort Hall today, at the call of the municipal council of this city, to consider the disorganized state of the Home Rule movement. Dr. J. W. Casey, of Rochester, presided. Delegates were present from nine states. A committee was appointed to draw up a declaration of principles and in the evening the conference, which had adjourned to Ludwith Hall, adopted these resolutions, which had been drafted by the committee:

WHEREAS, The dissensions which now unhappily distract Ireland threaten the ruin of the national cause and are a humiliation and a scandal to the Irish race in America; and

WHEREAS, Efforts are being made to enlist in the service of faction the sympathy and support heretofore given to the demands of United Ireland for a full measure of self government; and

WHEREAS, The interests and good name of the Irish citizens of the United States are likely to suffer through a prolongation of fratricidal strife; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this conference of Irish-American nationalists, representing bodies of men in many states of the union which have contributed largely to the support of the movement in Ireland and given it an unquestioning support for many years, deems it necessary to solemnly warn the people of Ireland that they can receive no further support, moral or financial, from this country until they call a halt in the war of factions and re-unite the forces now engaged in the work of self-destruction.

Resolved, That the damage already done to the Irish cause can only be repaired and the confidence of the great mass of Irish citizens of the United States restored by a union based upon a clearly defined, moderate and reasonable expression of Ireland's demand for home rule and a policy of independence of all English parties; that such a definition should include a parliament with full power over all purely Irish affairs and an executive responsible to the Irish parliament, and having the appointment of the judges and magistrates and the control of the police.

Resolved, That a committee of seven members be appointed to communicate with organizations and individuals, and with power to organize branches under the constitution of the Irish National League as adopted at the Chicago convention of 1886, for the support of such a programme of home rule; that such committee shall be and is hereby instructed to use its best endeavors to bring about a union in Ireland on the basis therein named, and to call a convention of the Irish race in America at an early date.

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN.

Reception in His Honor at the Home of Mr. Redmond Prindiville.

Archbishop Corrigan, the head of the Catholic archdiocese of New York, was in this city as the guest of Mr. Redmond Prindiville at 407 Elm street, last Friday night. The archbishop was on his way to St. Louis to attend the golden jubilee of Archbishop Kendrick. The jubilee exercises began with pontifical high mass on Sunday, and Archbishop Corrigan officiated at the ceremony as celebrant. Archbishop Corrigan and Redmond Prindiville have known each other for nearly half a century, and Mr. Prindiville tendered his life-long friend a reception at his cozy home last night. Archbishop Feehan, although suffering from a cold, braved the snowstorm and joined in the tribute of respect to his distinguished colleague from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Prindiville and Dr. McDonald, the archbishop's secretary, received the guests and presented them to the archbishop. Owing to the unexpected arrival of Archbishop Corrigan in Chicago there was not sufficient time to organize an elaborate reception and many of those who had been invited did not receive notification early enough to allow them to be present. Among those who received invitations were:

Archbishop Feehan, Archbishop Riordan, Bishop Hennessey,

Reverends—

Agnew,	Perry,
Scanlan,	McLaughlin,
Meoney,	Riordan,
Fitzsimmons,	Flanagan,
Buckley,	Dore.

Messrs—

D. C. Cregier,	B. E Sunny,
P. J. Sexton,	O. E Brown,
J. J. Abercrombie,	H. Montgomery,
John Brougham,	Martin Russell,
P. S. Peterson,	E. E Studebaker,
John R Walsh,	J. B. Woodruff,
W. J. Nelson,	Alexander McKay,
M. Schweisthal,	D. F. Bremner,

Messrs. and Mesdames—

John Guerin,	Alexander Sullivan,
Anthony,	Clifford,
Moran,	Tuley,
Gary,	John Cudahy,
W. P. Read,	W. J. Onahan,
E. P. Brusell,	W. Hesing,
A. C Hesing,	Thomas Lonergan,
W. F. McLaughling,	W. J. Krahn,
Orrin Hooley,	C. T. Whitney,
Thomas Lynch,	John McEwen,
John C. Carroll,	C. T. Trego,
W. H. Kehoe,	Michael Cudahy,
J. J. Egan,	

There was music by a mandolin orchestra. The distinguished clerics present laid aside their official reserve and the scene suggested a quiet, happy family gathering. The archbishop left on Saturday for St. Louis.

Ball and Reception.

The first grand ball and reception of the Finerty Hurling, Football and Social Club will be given at Cline's Hall, Wells and Huron streets, on Saturday evening, Dec. 12. The officers are, J. E Quinn, president; T. Colgan, vice president; P. E Quinn, recording secretary; E. Gleeson, financial secretary, and P. J. Healy, treasurer.

The Rev. William Healy, who has been a missionary in Africa, is in the city and will deliver a series of lectures on subjects treating of his labors on the dark continent. A series of lectures will be given during the season under the auspices of the Catholic Young Men's Society, the proceeds to be devoted principally to assist in extending the good work of the association. The first lecture of the series was given at Feehan Hall last Wednesday evening by the Rev. Father Agnew.

Havlin's Theatre.

Mr. Havlin is greatly pleased to herald the coming, during the week of Sunday, December 13, of the popular Irish comedian, Thomas Murphy, who will present his very funny farce comedy, "Our Irish Visitors." Mr. Murphy was formerly with Murray & Murphy for several years. This season, however, he is appearing alone in the play, which has been greatly improved and modernized. The company supporting Mr. Murphy is a remarkably strong one; in fact, the best that ever produced the play.

OBITUARY.

MR PATRICK R BOYLE.

An old citizen of Chicago, Mr. Patrick R. Boyle, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. T. Calla, No. 236 West Lake street, Tuesday morning at 4 o'clock, of heart disease. He was born in Port Lee, Ireland, May 15 1831, and came to New York when 12 years of age. He lived in New York twenty three years and was married there. When he was 35 years old he came to Chicago and engaged in business. Mr. Boyle was a member of St. Patrick's church. He leaves three daughters. His wife has been dead seven years. The funeral will take place from St. Patrick's church.

A gray beard on a man under 50 makes him look older than he is. The best dye to color *brown* or *black* is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

PARNELL.

Dead in his prime! How pitiful the fate!
His work unfinished, but his fame secure;
Whose name, enshrined within a nation's heart,
Through all succeeding ages shall endure.

Wisely he spake who first the precept gave,
Naught of the dead but good. In memory
Of him let but the good alone survive,
And speech be tempered with sweet charity.

Remember One who once in mercy spoke
Words of divine compassion, when he said
Neither do I condemn. Who sinless is
Let him first cast a stone upon the dead.

Today, while bitter tears bedew his bier,
Let strife and hatred, clash of fiction, cease,
And, like a guardian spirit, gently brood
Above his grave the white-winged dove of peace.

And when in coming years shall be effaced
From him who loved not wisely but too well,
The one dark stain, a people's grateful voice
Shall ever softly breathe the name—Parnell.

—*T. H. Farnham, in New England Magazine for December.*

Mr Quinn and the Vatican.

[*To the Editor.*]

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Nov. 27.—The quotation from the *Northwestern Chronicle*, and your remarks upon it, open up some very bitter Irish history. He thinks the Irish priests ought to be patriotic. Irish Nationalists of more than one generation thought this too, but found it otherwise. After all, how can a poor Irish priest be patriotic, while England directs the lash of the Vatican. Was not archbisoop McHale humiliated and outraged because he was patriotic? Was not Father Lavelle gagged because he was patriotic? Was not Father Sheehy exiled for the same reason? Has not the fiery Nulty been disciplined for the boldness of his national utterances? In fine, has not a patriotic priest or bishop "the life of a dog" in Ireland since the Union? Our fate is not in our stars, but in ourselves! So long as Irishmen will tamely submit to Roman dictation in political matters, so long must Irish priests be more English than Irish. When Ireland nurses a race of sons bold enough to repudiate the Persicos of the Vatican, and the Cullens of the Castle, she will have respect at Rome, and patriotic priests at her altars.

JEREMIAH QUINN.

PERSONAL.

The well known actor William J. Florence, whose real name was William Conlin, was born in Albany, N.Y., of Irish parents. He was a good Irishman and a true Catholic, and carried with him to the grave the respect and esteem of all classes of the community.

John Murphy, adjutant of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, New York, and member of Shields Post, No. 69, G.A.R., has been honored by the appointment by Commander-in-chief John Palmer of the Grand Army of the Republic, as an aide-de-camp upon his staff. The commission was presented to Comrade Murphy at the meeting of the post on Wednesday evening of last week. It is the first time that Shields Post has received such an appointment from the commander-in-chief of the Grand Army.—*Ex.*

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CHICAGO.

THE OLD TENOR.

Did you say the old tenor was out of fair?
Sir, at the concerts where he used to sing
To thousands of people every night up there
Strong as a lion and gentle as any lamb

Well, it may be strange to my poor old brain,
But I think on the whole, I think I should come
To hear the old tenor, sweet voice again,
And see it once more in that old familiar room.

The why of it all? It fell, my friend,
A matter of fifteen years ago,
A certain man was nigh his end,
Lying racked in a fever glow.

And a fine young star, in his flush of fame,
Crept to his bedside, took his hand,
And tried to waken life's spent flame
By singing songs of the lovely land.

God, how he sang! till the sick man turned
His face from the wall and took deep breath,
And said, as his eyes with new light yearned,
That life ran sweeter far than death

If one might hearken to strains like this,
And he swore he would live in death's despite.
Then sleep dropped down on him like a kiss,
And he woke with his blood all cool and right.

Perhaps you can fancy who was the man,
And who is the singer there on the stage,
And why I listen and sob and can
But love his faults and his hints of age.

Some folks will say, when they pay their coin,
The perfectest singer is their choice,
Where youth and art and genius join,
But I like a man behind the voice!
—Richard Burton in Harper's Weekly.

AN IDEAL.

"When I find the girl who looks like that picture I am going to marry her."

George Milman, who made this remark, and his aunt, Mrs. Henderson, were standing before a picture of hers almost beautiful enough to justify such extravagant admiration. It was called "Future," and represented at half length a girl in all the sweet freshness of budding womanhood.

"Yes," he continued, "note the characteristics of this picture and their significance and you will see why I say so. The figure is graceful, the head, delicately poised, is rather large, and the brow, of unusual breadth, is brought into full relief by the dark brown hair, brushed straight back, with its wavy abundance only slightly confined by a ribbon around the head. The eyes are a dark gray, large and at once bright and thoughtful; the mouth and chin, though marked by the tender lines of youth yet, show sufficient decision of character. Intellectuality and unselfishness are indicated, but the one characteristic most prominent brought out its ingeniousness—in the noblest sense of that often misused word.

"It is more than innocence and does not depend on ignorance. It is most often seen as a characteristic of a noble woman, and is retained by them in some miraculous way in spite of much intellectual knowledge of the world's wickedness. Such a woman as is portrayed in this picture would naturally be clinging and dependent, but finding herself without a support, or her chosen protector proving unworthy, would meet the emergency heroically and stand unfaltering. Such a woman I most admire, and such a woman, if I have the good fortune to find her, I shall certainly marry."

"But she might be the original of this picture, and yet not have the character you describe," said Mrs. Henderson.

"No, that is impossible; a woman could not look that way without being all that I have suggested."

"But if you find her you still might not win her."

"Yes I would, no matter if she was engaged to be married and her wedding day was appointed."

"It is like you to be so sure, and like you, too, to fall so desperately in love with a picture."

In this Mrs. Henderson was right; such a determination was characteristic of George Milman. Though born in this country, his father was a native German and his mother of German descent. This, with a practical American training, gave him a curious combination of German and American characteristics. His peculiarly intellectual head, so large that all his hats were made to order; some of his features, especially his brown and rather dreamy eyes, and occasionally his manners and conversation, were German, while his figure and usually his manner were American. He had the German's ideality, romanticism and love of deep thought, philosophic and speculative, with the American's keen observation, eye for the machine and practical attention to details.

His dual nature was shown in his business. He was a drummer for a large manufactory, selling to jobbing houses, and so had to take long trips from city to city. When actually at work he was all attention to business and put his whole soul into it—with distinguished success. On the intervening trips he yielded to the speculative side of his nature, spending his time in reading the best novels, histories and philosophical works from Carlyle to Henry George. He would sometimes feel and express the deepest disgust for his work, but he always remembered that it brought him a handsome income and held on to his position.

Some three months after the above conversation George again called to see his aunt, who asked him if he had yet found the object of his adoration.

"I can't exactly say that I have, but your question reminds me that I have a story to tell you, and I suppose I might just as well begin at the beginning."

"Please do. It is about that picture, I know," she replied.

"Well, you shall see," was the response, and he began:

"I was on the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis train on my way to Nashville. I had been traveling twelve hours and was rather tired. I was reading the "Tale of Two Cities"—trying to read it, that is, for my mind was stranglye wandering in spite of my interest in that remarkable story—the best Dickens ever wrote. Looking up in one of these fits of inattention, I happened to notice a party which must have got on at the last station, and had taken seats diagonally in front of me. It consisted of an old lady, a young lady and a boy about seventeen, evidently mother, brother and sister. The mother attracted my attention first, and I was idly admiring her still unusual beauty, sublimated, but not destroyed by age, when the young lady turned around.

"Aunt, she might have been the original of your picture, so like she was in every detail. I was astonished and could hardly believe my eyes. I watched her quietly and studied her features until there was no doubt about it. There was the broad brow, the dark brown hair loosely confined, the dark gray eye, the sweet, firm mouth, and above all the expression of intellectuality, unselfishness and ingeniousness. I forgot the story, and I could not take my eyes off her one minute—I fear she must have noticed it."

"I know she did," interrupted Mrs. Henderson. "You must have stared her out of countenance."

"I suspect I did, and all the time I was endeavoring to realize my good fortune, and thinking how I should manage to find out the young lady's name and how I could make her acquaintance.

"After an hour's ride in this way I went into the smoking car for my cigar case, which I had left there. I was detained by a friend whom I met there and left the car just as the train was starting again after having stopped at a small station. Chancing to look to one side, I saw my new found ideal and her party just getting into a carriage, which had apparently been waiting for them. Aunt, just one thought filled my mind that I could not afford thus to loose my ideal so soon, and that unless I followed her she was lost. This was rather an impulse than a thought—there was no time for that, and I piled off after her.

"The carriage had started, and there was only one man in sight—the depot agent. I spoke to him and asked who the people who had just left were. He said that he did not know; that he had never seen them before; but I believe now that he did and that he must have taken me for a lunatic; my appearance was outlandish enough and I suspect my manner was excited. I tried to hire a horse, offered him a large price for the use of one an hour, but the fellow told me that he had none and there was none in two miles. The carriage was now almost out of sight, and still hoping to find out something about it I started out after it.

"But I did not go far before I realized that pursuit was hopeless and that by such conduct I was making myself ridiculous, and I returned to the station—then for the first time I remembered that I had left all my baggage, which was very valuable, my umbrella and overcoat, on the train, and even my hat, as at the time of the incident I was making myself comfortable in a skull cap, which was all I now had to protect my ambrosial locks from the elements.

"I was now sufficiently disengaged to find out something about the place which I had so unexpectedly visited. It consisted of the railroad station and one store, which was unfortunately closed—the agent informed me that its owner was attending a camp meeting six miles away. I questioned the agent again about the party I had pursued, but gained no further information. I telegraphed to the conductor on the train I had left to take care of my effects, which he was kind enough to do, and after twelve hours in this neglected spot, spent sitting on a barrel, realizing my ridiculous conduct and bemoaning the loss of my ideal, I took the next train and finished my journey in safety."

"Well, that is quite a story," said Mrs. Henderson, and you have seen how I have enjoyed it. Who but you would have fallen in love in such a way, and it is too bad that you lost her. But it cannot have gone very far, even with you, and you will soon find some one else."

"We shall see about that. I don't know whether it is love or not, but I believe that I shall find that girl again some day, and I am not going to marry until I do."

Two years passed during which George had been true to his resolution, and used often to say that he was waiting for his ideal. Then he was transferred by his house to the west and took up his abode in Texas.

Not long afterward Mrs. Henderson received from him a letter giving the following account of his experiences:

"I have another story to tell you, and as before I think I had best begin at the beginning. Hempstead is a nice place to live in, and I have had a pleasant time here and have made many friends. You know that I am not a society man, and steer clear of the professional Four Hundred which we find in every city. But the larger class of cultivated people I like, and go when I can to their occasional entertainments. Three months ago I went to one—it was given by a musical club, and combined a programme of the best amateur talent with social features—that I am likely to remember. For one of the last pieces was a song by 'Miss Ethel Lyndon.' It was well sung; I noticed that, but my chief interest was in the singer—in whom I recognized my ideal.

"I traced the resemblance in each particular, and tried to discover whether she was the woman I had seen in Tennessee. She was so like her I thought she must be the same, though I could not determine, but there was no doubt about her being the woman in your picture, and so my ideal.

"I asked my friend about her and discovered that her father was a prominent business man of Hempstead and had lived there for years, and that she was very popular among those who belonged to her society, so much so that half the young men of the town regretted her announced engagement and approaching marriage to a gentleman of Dallas.

"I was already in love, and you may imagine that this was discouraging intelligence. But my motto has always been 'nothing venture nothing have,' and I immediately determined to try the fortune of war, knowing that I had nothing to lose—having so completely lost my heart already—and that I might win. So when the musical programme was over I was introduced by my friend. I cannot tell you our conversation, or what she thought of it, but if I can be entertaining I was then; and I found her all I had expected her to be from her face, and became more in love than ever. I told her that I was a stranger, having recently come to live here, and she was kind enough to invite me to call.

"I had no time to lose—I could only attempt to take the fortress by storm, a dangerous thing to do, but there was no opportunity to try the safer plan of a masked seige and stratagems. I had one thing in my favor: I was on the spot and the other fellow was away.

"I soon availed myself of her invitation to call and spent a very pleasant evening—one of those 'moments of delight' that are at once so sweet and so painful to remember in less happy times.

"What made it especially pleasing to me was that Miss Lyndon seemed to enjoy it as much as I did. I remember that you have often laughed at love at first sight, but I think that my experience demonstrates its truth. And that evening suggested another question which I endeavored to solve, but could not. I will ask your opinion. Not only did I feel pleasure in being with the woman I loved, but I had also a feeling of being thoroughly en rapport with her, as if she felt the same pleasure and there was some subtle and mutual sympathy between us. Now, was that feeling a creation of my own brain, independent of any similar feeling on her part, or was it what it seemed, and could I therefore know because I experienced it that she was similarly impressed.

"It would tire you to read the details; it is enough to say that I made the most of our acquaintance. I called as often as I possibly could, oftener than I had any right to; met her at receptions and any other entertainments where she was likely to go; went with her to the theater and to the Beethoven club, at one of whose meetings I had first made her acquaintance—in short, I took every opportunity I could find or make of seeing her.

"Finally I went with her, her father and a party on an excursion in a private car to a new city, where he was working up a real estate boom.

"On our return I seized a favorable opportunity and told her that I loved her—how I did it I cannot tell even you—and of course I received the reply that she was engaged. But she said it very sweetly, and made me love her better than ever. Then I said, 'How I wish I had known you sooner,' and she said, 'I wish so too.'

"'Then, darling, if you do wish it you need not; if it can be that you love me—ah, you do, I see you do—you can marry me in spite of all.'

"'No, I will not break my promise, and I will have to give up your acquaintance unless you respect it.'

"'I promise;' I was too happy at finding out my love returned to care very much. It could not be kept of course, and I very soon broke it by asking Ethel if she did not think it wrong to marry a man who she did not love.

"'I think it is wrong to break faith with one who is faithful to me,' she said, 'and so would you if you were treated that way yourself.'

"'Yes, I know that, but as I am the one to profit by it I think that it is all right and the other fellow ought not to care. I certainly think that you ought at any rate to tell him that you love him no longer.'

"'Yes, I ought to do that, and I will; but I will offer to fulfill my promise, though it was made principally to please my parents, as I see now, and, without the love that could alone justify it.'

"This she did, and soon thereafter received a letter from her fiance, in which he thanked her for her frankness, and told her that she had relieved him from a similar embarrassment, as he had lately discovered that his affections were engaged elsewhere, but had felt in honor bound to her. Such are the curious and inexplicable workings of the human heart, but I did not quarrel with them, for they brought me my heart's desire.

"One day I asked Ethel if she had ever been in Tennessee.

"'Yes,' she said; 'two years ago in October, on a visit to my grandparents.'

"'Were you on the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis train, and did you get off at Uxton station?'

"'Yes.'

"'Then you are, as I have believed, the woman I saw on the train then. Darling, I fell in love with you then, and have been hunting for you ever since.'

"'And you are the man who stared at me so hard on the train and followed me off, leaving his hat behind: I recognized you when we were first introduced.'

"We were married, very quietly, although in church, just a month before the time originally set for Ethel's intended marriage, and we are now on our wedding tour.

"So you see I did find my ideal, and have won her, and you will have to imagine how happy I am, for it is beyond the power of words to tell you."—W. P. W. in Atlanta Constitution.

A Well Superstition.

One of the comparatively modern superstitions of the eve of All Saints is found at the bottom of old and abandoned lime kilns. Just where it began nobody can tell with certainty, but in all probability Ireland has the best claim to it. At all events, it used to flourish in that country some years ago. A girl with no beau or a girl with too many beaux is puzzled to find out who is the lucky chap destined to become her husbond. In such a predicament all she has to do is to arm herself with a spool of strong thread and start off after dark on the eve of All Saints to some old lime kiln reputed to be the abode of evil spirits.

Standing alone on the edge of the deep hole, the candidate for matrimony repeats the Lord's prayer backward. Then she takes the end of the thread in her left hand, and after tossing the spool into the chasm before her, patiently waits for a bite. Soon she will feel three pulls and she must politely ask his satanic majesty to be kind enough to tell her the name of her future husband. A voice below will pronounce the name.—Galignani Messenger.

BRITISH PUNISHMENT.

OFFICERS OF THE LAW SENTENCED FOR TAKING BRIBES.

History of One of the Most Celebrated Criminal Cases of the Century—A Crime That Tarnished the Fame of England's Pet Detective Force.

In December, 1875, a remarkable trial took place before Baron Pollock at the Old Bailey, London. Great Britain awoke one morning to find that the most trusted officials of Scotland Yard had been receiving large bribes from a gang of noted criminals. Curr and Benson—the latter of whom committed suicide in this country a few years ago—were undergoing a long term of penal servitude for what were known as the "great turf frauds." While in prison they tendered certain evidence to the British government which led to the arrest of Chief Detective Inspector Clark, Detective Inspectors Druscovitch, Meiklejohn and Palmer, with their legal adviser and attorney, Edward Froggat, attorney at law.

The news sent a shock throughout the British islands. The police force in general was not by any means considered immaculate, but the great bureau of detection at Scotland Yard was entirely exempt from a shadow of suspicion. Every effort had been made to hush up the case, so as not to shake the confidence of the public. Dismissal, with consequent loss of large pensions, was, it was urged, sufficient punishment, but the home secretary was inexorable, and the trial went on.

"I was present during several days of its duration," said the Englishman. "The detectives were confident of acquittal, being ignorant of the overwhelming evidence in the hands of the prosecution. Their look of confidence changed into one of consternation when, close cropped and haggard, clad in the hideous striped dress of the felon, upon which from head to foot was stamped the government broad arrow, Harry Benson, the notorious swindler, entered the witness box.

"He was a man of education and marked ability, a first class linguist and capable of mixing in the best society. The defense was ably conducted, but no cross examination could shake the convict, who now had his natural enemies in his toils and for once was telling the truth. Curr followed and in every point corroborated his fellow prisoner. He belonged to a lower grade than Benson, but possessed considerable force of intellect. So much for the evidence of bribery, which, it may be said, came from a tainted source.

"But telegrams were produced showing that while in pursuit the detectives were warning convicts of their movements, warning them to fly. Time after time, when close on their track, these messages were sent and subsequent meetings were held in London, where hundreds of pounds were paid over to these sleuth hounds of the law. Froggat, the lawyer, was also in the conspiracy and rendered services of a technical nature. He and Clark were out on bonds and quite confident of acquittal.

"The first relied on lack of evidence; the chief inspector had stronger grounds. For years he had been body detective to the Prince of Wales, and during his attendance on his royal highness it may be supposed that he had acquired secret knowledge of his actions which the crown officials would not like divulged. That 'knowledge is power' was proved in this instance, for it certainly enabled Clark to elude the meshes of the law.

"The judge charged the jury dead against the inspectors and Froggat, but was very light on the chief. In fact the crown produced very little testimony against him. After an absence of about an hour the jury returned. The verdict was 'Guilty' as against the four minor detectives and the lawyers, 'Not guilty' as against Clark, who at once left the dock.

"'Have you anything to say, Drascovitch,' asked the judge, 'why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?'

"The prisoner made a fine speech—he could speak six languages—in which he referred to long services rendered, the ruin which his conviction involved, the overwhelming nature of the temptation and finally his helpless wife and family. The other officers followed in a similar strain and with tearful eloquence begged for mercy. These men, who had mercilessly fastened the steel handcuffs on victims innumerable made a piteous spectacle when in the strong grasp of the law. Their pleadings were of little avail, and after reminding them of the scandal they had brought upon their profession, the baron sentenced them to two years' imprisonment with hard labor—this was the severest punishment available under the act of parliament—and before they fully realized their doom they were hustled out of sight into the cells of the Old Bailey.

"Froggat's turn now came, and it was generally thought his sentence would be lighter.

"'I have a special sympathy for you, Edward Froggat,' concluded the judge, 'You belong to the same honorable profession as I do myself. Much is intrusted to us and much is expected of us. In sentencing you I do so with pain and reluctance, but I cannot see any reason for reducing the term of imprisonment—two years with hard labor.'

"This came on the wretched man like a thunderbolt, and, bursting into hysterical tears, he raised his hands above his head. 'For God's sake, my lord,' he exclaimed, 'lessen the sentence!' This was all he had time to say, for the jailers do not encourage sentiment, and he was instantly hurried out of sight. I may mention that he was rearrested at the termination of his sentence for defrauding a lady of £5,000, for which, at the same bar of justice, he received seven years' penal servitude.

"Thus ended one of the most celebrated trials of this century, which gained its importance not of course from the enormity of the crime, but from the vital principles involved, which struck at the root of the whole English police system."—Chicago News.

A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

How the Finding of a Visiting Card Led to an Important Arrest.

Two men sat in a secluded corner of the Ebbitt House lobby and enjoyed a quiet chat over their after dinner cigars. That was not a remarkable fact, but one of the men is one of the best known members in his profession, and if he were inclined to tell a history of his interesting experience it would fill volumes. The smooth shaven gentleman with the quiet demeanor is one of the keenest of criminal catchers, G. M. Fletcher, of Chicago. Mr. Fletcher related what he calls the strangest and luckiest piece of trailing in his life, and the end of the trail was in Washington, "although," says Mr. Fletcher, "it was only luck on my part that it did."

Fifteen years ago a wealthy old farmer named Wilson was found murdered just outside his house, near Evanston, Ill. The old man had that day concluded the sale of a piece of property, and was returning with nearly $2,000 in his pocket, as it was growing dark, the cash having been paid over after banking hours in Evanston, and Wilson incautiously allowed the remark to drop that he wished he had not made the sale until next day.

He did not like the idea of carrying so much wealth to his home, five miles distant. These facts, besides the murder itself, and the knowledge that a notorious gambler named Edmondson had overheard the speech, were all the clue offered the detectives, who were set to work on the case with a reward of $3,000, held out as an inducement for running down the murderer or murderers. Months passed, but no further trace of the gambler who was suspected could be found anywhere.

During the early spring of 1877 Fletcher was sent east on a mission by the agency of which he is a member, and in the course of his trip concluded to spend a day or two in Washington before returning to the Lake City. While passing up Pennsylvania avenue, near Sixth street, with a friend, his attention was attracted to a small visiting card, which, after the manner of his profession, he picked up and examined.

"I wasn't thinking of business just then," said Mr. Fletcher, "but I suppose instinct led me to do as I did, and what do you suppose that pasteboard contained? The autograph of the very man I had been looking for for months. Of course the signature was not familiar to me, but the first thought to suggest itself was, 'How did the card get there?' and I could answer it only one way—Edmondson had dropped it—but how did he happen to retain the same name if he was guilty, unless he did not fear detection?

"Well, to cut a long story short, I determined to stay in Washington awhile and see what could be seen. I found out the most notable houses where a gambler of his type would be likely to hold forth, and after ten days' shadowing I found him in an old frame house on Four-and-a-Half street. Edmondson came with me without a requisition, and made no fight. In fact, he was tired of leading a hunted life and confessed the crime. He said he always had an idea that the visiting card would prove his doom, but somehow or other he could not destroy it, and knew at once when he missed it from his case that it would be a clew, for he had been traveling under an assumed name since the murder. The card was the last link of his former life.

"Edmondson was hanged a few months later, and that ended the most curious episode in my twenty-five years' experience as a detective."—Washington Post.

Something Wrong.

"Well," said the "brute" to his wife as he took his place at the breakfast table, "who are the new neighbors next door?"

"Why, how should I know?" answered the wife.

"Don't you know their name?"

"Of course not."

"Are they wealthy?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"The man an old skinflint?"

"I don't know."

"His wife extravagant?"

"You will have to ask some one else."

"Any daughters? And are they proud and stuck up?"

"Why, Harry? I don't know."

"Anything mysterious about them? A secret connected with the family?"

"I don't know anything about them."

"What! You don't?"

"No."

"They have been here twenty-four hours—I'll send the doctor up as I go down town."

"What are you going to send the doctor up for?"

"Something must be the matter with you. That family has lived next to us for one whole day and you don't know the first thing about them, yet. You need attending to."

And then he buried himself in his paper.—Philadelphia Press.

Good Authority.

Congressmen "before the war" were somewhat accustomed to the exchange of unparliamentary language, but perhaps no American legislators were ever so practiced in vituperation as the members of the much lamented, vanished Irish parliament on College Green. Somehow they contrived to keep on friendly private terms while treating one another to most picturesque abuse.

On one occasion a member, pointing a quivering finger across the house at his opponent, one Thaddy Burke, concluded with these words:

"And every mimber of the honorable gintleman's familee is benayth contimpt—from the white livered hound that is shivering on the flure to the painted hag that is grinning in the gallery."

"How did you know his sister was in the gallery?" whispered a comrade as the orator sat down.

"Sure, didn't Thaddy himself tell me she was going to be prisint when we were coming down to the house afther dinner?"—Youth's Companion.

How She Served the Summons.

She was bright and pretty, and she dropped into a lawyer's office the other day and asked for work.

"What can you do?"

"Anything a woman of ability can do, and more than most men."

"Great opinion of yourself, young woman," said an elderly lawyer present. "Perhaps you think you could serve this summons."

"I might," said she. "May I look at it? Yes, I will."

"If you do that you'll do something we've all been trying to do for a week. He's a slippery fellow and his people are all posted. However, you may try it. You can afford to lose a little conceit," and the lawyer smiled grimly.

At 10 the next morning the office door was opened and the bright young woman walked in again.

"Thought you'd give it up, eh? Found him too slippery for you? Thought so."

"The paper is served," said she. It was her turn to smile now, and she did it. The lawyer swung round in his chair.

"Served. How'd you do it?"

"Oh, it was simple enough. I called at his place of business, looked around, priced some materials and then asked if he was in.

"'No,' said the salesman, 'but I can do as well.'

"'I think not,' I said quietly. 'He has always served me before, and he understands just what I want.'

"'Oh, in that case you might call at his house. He will be in to dinner.'

"I did call at his house, dressed in my best, card case in hand. I sent in my card and he appeared promptly.

"'Mr. ——?' said I, rising.

"'Yes. You wish to see me on business?'

"'I hear you are interested in property in —— street?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, I have a paper which will interest you concerning it,' offering him the summons, which he took with a smile. He looked at it and flushed crimson. So did I. Nothing was said. He controlled his temper and accompanied me to the door.

"Another field open to women," was the lawyer's only comment.—New York World.

Pity the Poor Drummer.

A very good looking drummer he was, and he had succeeded in making a great impression upon the table girl at a Maine hotel. He paid strict attention to the girl and to his dinner and his performance was creditable and thorough in both directions. But he did not eat his sweet corn. Finally the girl said in her sweetest tone: "You must have another ear of corn. That is cold and is not filled out."

"Oh, no"— but she is gone.

She returned with a steaming ear of corn and then waited expectantly to see him bury in the succulent vegetable his pretty teeth, that he showed with such charming grace in his smile. He ought to have known better, but in a spirit of bravado he responded to the mute appeal in that waiter girl's eyes and set his teeth into the corn. The first mouthful went all right, the second was a great success, but the third—we would that our tale could end here, but it cannot.

At the third mouthful, as he darted a gleam of fond adoration at the girl, his teeth loyally stayed by the mangled ear of corn for an instant, then dropped to the floor with a rattle that sounded in his ears like the discharge of heavy artillery. Worst of all, as he madly scratched for them he couldn't find his treasure. Finally the girl recovered them from a neighboring table, after a lady had kindly moved her skirts aside and revealed the truant teeth. The look that passed between that girl and the drummer as she handed him the teeth had something in it that wilted the bouquet over which it passed.—Lewiston Journal.

An Adirondack Term.

Healthy summer visitors to the Adirondacks frequently hear a term used by the natives in describing some of their city comrades in those delightful and health giving regions that greatly mystifies them at first. The people thus referred to technically are called the "lungers," who are generally found to be pretty plentiful. "Lungers," pronounced "lung-ers," is a word that has not as yet got into general usage outside the range of the pine tree odors of the northernmost part of New York state; but its meaning and derivation are soon perceived and compel instant admiration for their simplicity and significance.

The "lungers" of the Adirondack regions are none other than the consumptives who resort thither for the benefit of their lung troubles, and who form a class by themselves in the eyes of the natives apart from the mere huntsmen and pleasure seekers. There is a sort of distinction in being a lunger that naught else can give, and though the word thus evolved by an admirable philological fitness seems to have a touch of rugged brutality in it at first sight, yet there is, after all, a kind of rough sympathy in it that is redolent of the soil.

As the pulmonary knowledge of the Adirondack people increases in minuteness, as it doubtless will, one may expect to hear the more detailed designations of "one lungers," "half lungers," etc., though this, it is believed, has not yet been observed.—New York Tribune.

What Three Women Do While Riding.

A busy woman says she gives her mind a complete rest on her journeys to and from the scene of her daily work: "I close my eyes behind my hand or paper and make my mind as complete a blank as possible." Another woman, a writer, says, on the contrary, "I make a practice to give my brain over to wandering fancies, often getting my best ideas while in transit." Still another woman, a busy mother, plans the children's frocks, "Mentally making over, altering and combining in a way that is most helpful to me afterward." All of which shows that this perennial riding has come to have an allotted place and consideration.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

FOOLING THE EVIL ONE.

HOW THE FRIENDS OF LEE HENN YOU SAVED THE CORPSE.

How a Dead Chinaman in New York Is Laid at Rest—The Body Lying in State. Scattering Bits of Paper Through the Streets of the Metropolis.

Lee Henn You was dead, and Lee Henn You was to be buried. The body of the Chinese gambler lay where he had died, in a small, stuffy, rather squalid room at 1 Mott street, next door to the temple of Joss. Death had not brought pallor to the face. The skin was of that yellow tint it had in life, in common with the rest of his race.

Lee Henn had killed himself—not by sudden and violent means. His lungs had been eaten away by opium smoking. The face, as that of a consumptive, was pinched and drawn, and the high cheek bones were made still more prominent by the deep hollows of the cheeks.

For a time the body was alone. Lee Henn's countrymen avoid the dead whenever possible. They do not neglect the dead, however. Lee Henn's death had been anticipated. Before he died other Chinamen had gone to James Naughton, an undertaker in Mott street, and engaged his services. By and by the undertaker came to prepare the body for burial. A Chinaman is never buried in any garment he has worn in life. Therefore, a new dark blue blouse, black, baggy trousers, new sandals and white stockings were bought and put upon Lee Henn.

Then his cue was wrapped loosely around his neck, from left to right, and on his head was placed a tight fitting black skull cap, having at its top a knob of red plush. After the body was placed in the coffin the room where it lay was prepared for the visits of the dead man's friends. A tin pan filled with earth was placed at the foot of the coffin, as was also a square piece of board.

THE PROCESSION.

All was ready. A group of Chinamen entered. Each one walked to the foot of the coffin chanting, and in the pan of earth each man stuck a candle about six inches long and as thick as a finger, and a piece of punklike substance of the diameter of a lead pencil. On the wooden board they heaped a little pile of papers. Then the priest of the temple of Joss lit the candles, the punk and the papers. A thick, peculiarly smelling smoke from the incense filled the little room and drifted through the building as the Chinamen chanted. In five minutes the candles, punk and papers had burned away and the Chinamen went out. Another group came in, and the same ceremony was repeated until all Lee Henn's friends had taken their farewell.

At 2 o'clock the undertaker came, and the time for the trip to Cypress Hills cemetery on Long Island was at hand. Within the coffin were placed a fan and numerous oblong slips of rice paper, on which characters were written, and then the coffin was taken to the hearse, which stood at the head of a procession of five carriages. On the windows of the carriages were pasted long slips of red paper covered with black characters. Into a wagon in the rear were lifted a roast suckling pig and several jars of boiled rice. A Chinaman took his seat on the hearse with the driver and the trip was begun. Immediately the Chinaman on the top of the hearse began throwing more oblong pieces of paper covered with characters into the street from a bag which he carried.

This was to protect the dead man. The Evil One always follows a dead Chinaman, but before he can catch up with the hearse and claim the dead man's soul he must pick up and read all the pieces of paper thrown from the hearse.

EVADING THE EVIL ONE.

By the time the procession had reached the Thirty-fourth street ferry the Evil One must have been blocks behind, but the hearse just missed the ferry and he caught up. As soon as the hearse drove onto the boat the Chinaman scattered the slips with a lavish hand. A number of small boys, however, usurped the functions of the Evil One, and scrambled to pick up the papers, thus throwing the Chinaman into despair.

The man perched on the hearse, however, was equal to the emergency. Just as the hearse drove off the boat he threw all the slips he had left, a prodigious number, upon the deck, and before the Evil One could pick them all up he was carried back to New York, while the procession pursued its way to Cypress Hill in peace.

On arriving at the cemetery the coffin was placed beside the open grave in the Chinamen's lot, where twenty or more Mongolians already lie, and again were candles, punk and paper lighted and chants uttered. Then the body of Lee Henn was lowered into the ground, and the roast suckling pig and boiled rice, which had been set upon ground near the grave, were replaced in the wagon and taken back to Mott street.

Formerly the food was left at the cemetery for the departed, but tramps learned of the custom and hailed a Chinese funeral with delight, scenting it from afar, like vultures, as the procession wended its way to the cemetery, leaving behind a trail of appetizing smells. After the funerals the tramps held high carnival, with never a thought of the dead Chinaman, deprived of his rice and roast pig. Consequently, to prevent this sacrilege, the Chinamen now take the food back with them and eat it themselves after they have returned to Mott street.

Lee Henn You will be mourned. He was wealthy, in the Chinatown sense of the term, a persistent, conscientious gambler and a leading and influential member of the Chinese gambling association known as the Fan Tan Tong.—New York Advertiser.

A man at Fort Valley, Ga., has a calf with six legs and two heads, the heads separated from each other at the neck, giving the calf two distinct heads, with a set of eyes, teeth and ears each.

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CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galgan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 W. Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vesper at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church s. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2928 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 28th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2543 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 206 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. Eagan, pastor. Residence 185 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. J. Corbett, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. P. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 88 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of McGregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 417 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st. between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor. Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 407 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. J. Leutte, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 234 Cleveland av.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 15 Sibley st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev Felix Guedry, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 169 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. P. L. Biermann, pastor, Res. 2964 Bonfield st.

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 333 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 221 N. Paulina street.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m., high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Bracken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry O Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 383 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill.—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farjey, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2361 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnis, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 3d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 258 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seits, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond C Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schuit, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Foshan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Roeder, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J. Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 976 Larrabee st; J Keenaugh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 592 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Scmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 233 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows. Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5534 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4046 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Fiugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 566 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; E P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Orane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas: Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sangar st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Bruccciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P J Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J B Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—E J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Droiet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudrean, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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County Secretary, Frank T. Conroy.

County Financial Secretary, W. E. Graham 13 Currier st.

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Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 561 S. Sangamon st., Pres.; David Mulligan, V. P.; Jas Duffy, Rec. Sec., 31 Wright-st; Peter F. Ratigan, Fin. Sec; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Ferell, Recording Sec., 447 Thirty-fifth st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second-st.

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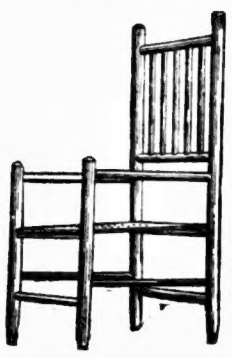

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ESTATE OF MARTIN MARTIN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Martin Martin, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1892, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 11, 1891.

NELLIE R MARTIN,
Administratrix with the will annexed.

David Sullivan, Attorney.

ESTATE OF ANDREW SILBER, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Andrew Silber, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January A. D. 1892, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 11, 1891.

JOHN C. BLOCK, Executor.

David Sullivan Attorney.

ESTATE OF VACLAV STAUBER, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Vaclav Stauber, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1892, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 11, 1891.

MARY STAUBER, Executrix.

David Sullivan, Attorney.

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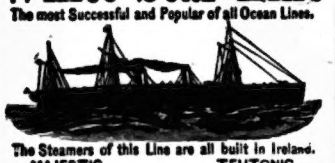

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